# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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## A NEW SERIAL.

We shall commence in our next number a new serial Story, entitled

### CAPTAIN BRAND,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

**His Loves and Exploits,**

TOGETHER

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

**By LIEUTENANT HENRY A. WISE, U.S.N.**

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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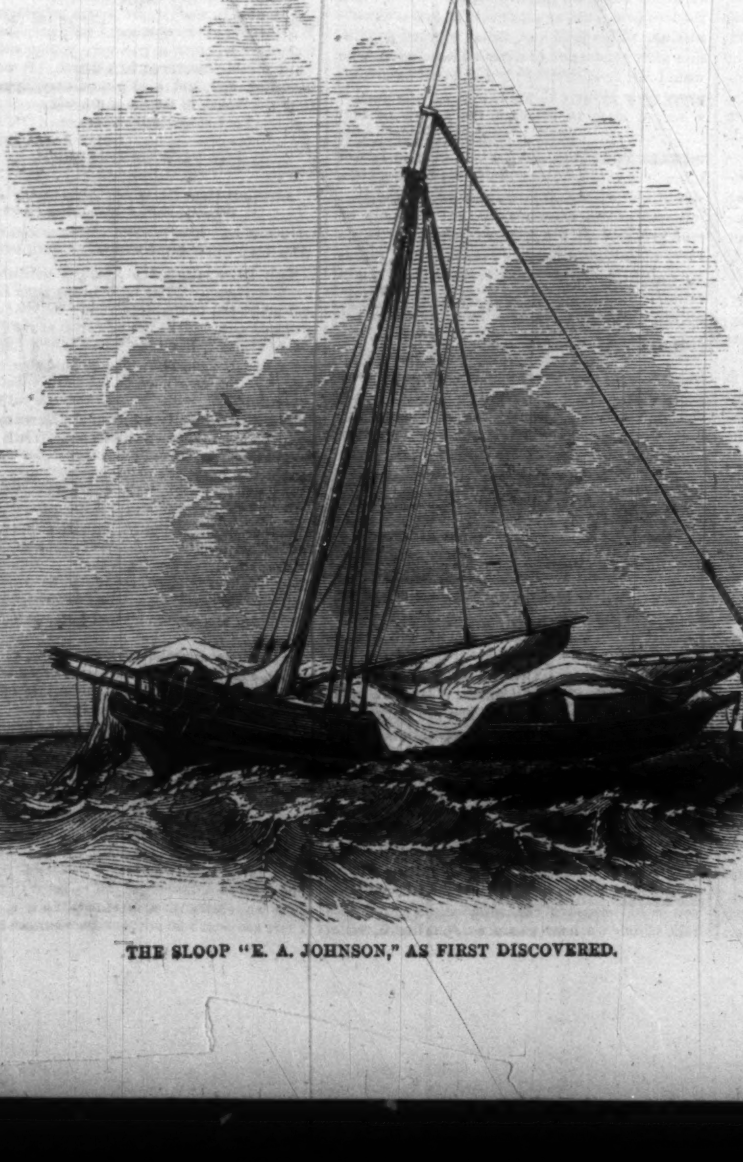
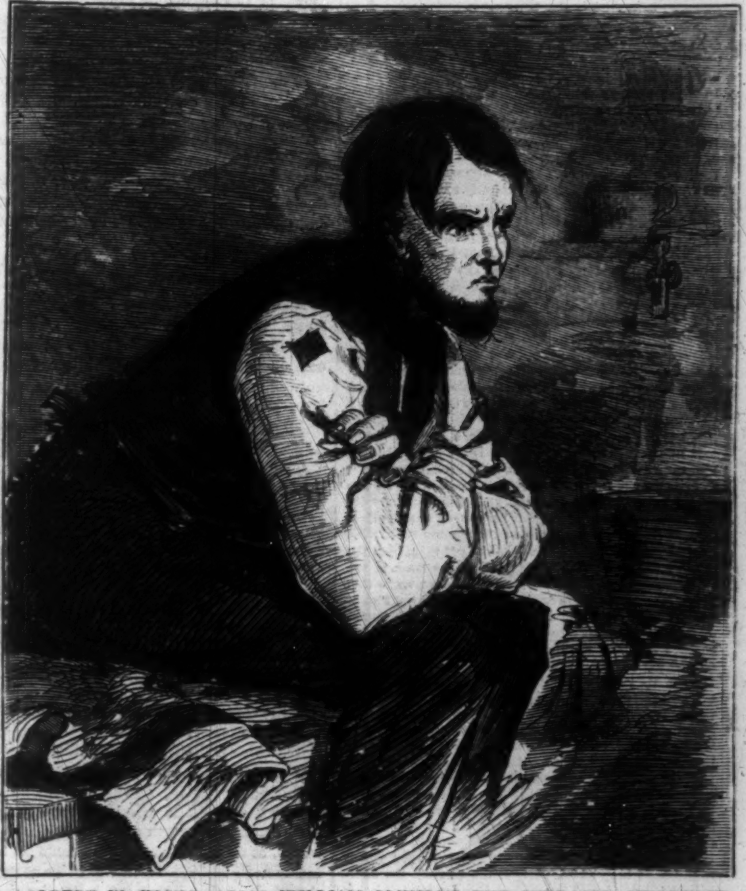


THE SLOOP "E. A. JOHNSON," AS FIRST DISCOVERED.



ALBERT W. HICKS, *ALIAS* WILLIAM JOHNSON, THE SUPPOSED MURDERER.

## THE "E. A. JOHNSON" MYSTERY.

We engrave herewith a portrait of Hicks, *alias* Johnson, who is now in custody on a charge of having murdered the Captain and two of the crew of the *E. A. Johnson*. We also give an engraving of the sloop in question, and on page 200 pictures of her deck and cabin, which were probably the scene of the awful tragedy.

The following account of the tragedy we abridge from the daily papers.

When the *E. A. Johnson* left the foot of Spring Street, on the 15th instant, she had on board the following-named persons: George Burr, captain; William Johnson, mate: Smith Watts and Oliver Watts, hands. The Watts boys were old acquaintances of the captain, and lived in Islip, Long Island, in Mr. Burr's immediate neighborhood. Johnson, the suspected party, was a married man, and lived at 129 Cedar Street. He had never been on board the vessel before, and was employed by the Captain a few hours previous to sailing. The object of the voyage was well known to all on board, and all were aware that the Captain had quite a snug sum of money on board. From an oyster dealer at Fulton Market Captain Burr had received $300, and when he arrived at Keyport Messrs. Barnes & Simmons placed in his hands about $500 more. The voyage to Keyport passed off without any incident worth noticing. On Sunday, the 18th instant, the sloop set sail from Keyport on her trip to Deep Creek, Virginia, where she was to take in a cargo of oysters for planting, and return to Keyport with all possible dispatch. What terrible and bloody work transpired on board from that time up to Wednesday morning is best known, perhaps, to William Johnson, for he appears to be the only one of the crew who is now alive to tell the tale of

"Murder most foul and unnatural."

The next thing that is positively known concerning the sloop after her departure from Keyport is her collision with the schooner *John B. Mather*, Captain Nickerson, about half past three or four o'clock on Wednesday morning. The sloop was then sailing in the direction of New York, while the schooner was going in an opposite direction, bound for the Delaware Breakwater.

### THE COLLISION

occurred off the tail of the West Bank, and was no doubt the result of ignorance or fright on the part of the steersman of the sloop. When within three hundred yards of each other the course of the sloop was suddenly changed, and her head was directed full against the schooner's quarter. Every effort was made by Captain Nickerson to avoid the collision, but in vain, so unexpected was the movement on board the sloop. The schooner was cut down to within eight inches of the water's edge; but fortunately her commander was able to keep her afloat until she arrived at Quarantine, where she was taken in tow by a steamboat and conveyed to this city. In conversation with our reporter on Wednesday afternoon, Captain Nickerson stated that the sloop had only one man on deck at the time of the collision, and that he never uttered a word during the time the vessels were together. The sloop drifted to leeward, and as her stern swung around a yawl boat could be detected hanging from the davits. On his arrival in the East River, some hours after the collision, Captain Nickerson saw the *E. A. Johnson* lying at Fulton Market slip, and immediately identified her as the sloop that had caused such damage on board his vessel; besides, a quantity of rigging left on board of his vessel in the collision, corresponding with that missing from the sloop, reduced the identity almost to a certainty. He immediately gave information of the matter to Captain Weed, and an important link in the chain of circumstantial evidence against the accused was thus secured.

### THE DISCOVERY OF THE SLOOP

in her dismantled condition, after the collision, was first made by Captain Sistare, of the fishing schooner *Telegraph*. The *E. A. Johnson* was then drifting in the lower bay, about midway between Coney Island and Sandy Hook. Her sails were all down and hanging in the water, her bowsprit and cut-water carried away, and her general appearance denoting an abandoned wreck. The *Telegraph* immediately bore down for the wreck, and just as she was coming alongside the steamboat *Ceres*, Captain Downs, came up, and the crews of both vessels boarded the sloop together. The sight that presented itself on board the *E. A. Johnson* was truly sickening. The entire deck on the starboard side was covered with blood, while here and there the presence of several locks of matted hair showed too plainly that they were gazing upon the theatre of some mysterious and dreadful tragedy. The condition of things around the companion-way and down in the cabin confirmed their worst fears. It was evident that the crew had been murdered, their bodies dragged to the rail, and thrown overboard. The marks of blood upon almost every article of furni-

ture, together with the tossed condition of the clothing and bed-clothes, led to the impression that the work of murder had immediately been preceded by that of robbery. Every closet, cupboard, and place of deposit seemed to have been ransacked, judging from the marks of blood and tossed condition of the contents. Fully satisfied in their own minds that some horrible tragedy had taken place on board, they promptly started for New York, bearing with them the dismantled sloop.

The police were set on the trail at once, and we give the account of the arrest in the words of officer Nevins:

THE ARREST.

Captain Smith and myself left the city on Thursday, in the twelve o'clock train of the Long Shore Railroad, for Stonington and Providence. The same afternoon we arrived at Stonington, and went on board the Stonington boat *Commonwealth*, to make inquiries for a sailor man, his wife, and child. The boat arrived that morning about two o'clock, and of course our only chance of getting trace of the murderer was from the officers of the boat. We heard of several women with children, but they did not answer the description; so we waited until nine o'clock that night, when Mr. Howard, the baggage-master, arrived in the Boston night train. He gave us information of two or three different women who stopped on the route between Stonington and Boston. The description of one party, of a man, woman, and child, who stopped at Canton, Massachusetts, was so near, that on the arrival of the boat from New York, at two o'clock on Friday morning, we left in the train which carried forward her passengers. On arriving at Canton, however, we found that the woman was not the one we were in search of, so we immediately returned to Providence, being satisfied that the murderer could not have taken the Stonington route. In Providence we called upon Mr. George Billings, detective officer, who, with several other officers, cheerfully rendered us every assistance. We drove around the city to all the sailor boarding-houses, and to all the railroad dépôts, questioning baggage-masters and every one likely to give us information, but could get no satisfactory clew, so we concluded that they had probably come by the Fall River route, and Captain Smith went down to the steamboat *Bradford Durfee* to make inquiry there. The deck-hand remembered that on the previous morning a sailor and a little sore-eyed woman and child came up with them, and asked him if he knew of any quiet boarding-house, in a retired part of the city, where he could go for a few weeks. He told him that he did not, but referred him to a hackman, who took him off to a distant part of the city. The hackman was soon found, and at once recollected the circumstances, and where he had taken the party. It was then arranged, to guard against accidents, that the hackman should go into the house, and inquire of the landlady if this man was in, pretending that two of the three quarter dollars which he had given him were counterfeit. He went there, and the landlady told him that the man was not in, but would be in that night. Arrangements were then made for a descent upon the house at two o'clock on Saturday morning. At this hour I knocked at the door, and at first the landlady did not seem inclined to let me in. I told her I was an officer who had arrested the hackman for passing counterfeit quarters, and as he had stated that he got them from the sailor, I had come to satisfy myself of the truth of the story. She opened the door, and we went up to this man's room, some seven or eight of us, and found him in bed apparently asleep. I woke him up, and he immediately began to sweat—God, *how he did sweat!* I charged him with passing counterfeit money, because I did not want his wife to know what the real charge was. We got his baggage together, and took him with it to the watch-house. I searched him, and found in his pocket the silver watch, since identified as Captain Burr's, also, his knife, pipe, and among the rest, two small canvas bags, which have since been identified as those used by the Captain to carry his silver. In his pocket-book was $121, mostly in five and ten dollar bills of the Farmers' and Citizens' Bank of Brooklyn. There was no gold in his possession. I didn't take his wife's baggage, and I felt so bad for her that I gave her $10 of the money. Poor woman! as it was she cried bitterly, but if she had known what her husband was really charged with it would have been awful. I took the $6 from the landlady that he had paid in advance, because I didn't know but the money might be identified. When we got him to the watch-house, I told him to let me see his hands, for if he was a counterfeiter, and not a sailor, as he represented, I could tell. He turned up his palms, and said, "Those are sailor's hands." I said yes, and they are big ones, too; and then I told him I did not want him for counterfeiting, and he replied, "I thought as much." So I up and told him what he was charged with, and he declared upon his soul that he was innocent, and knew nothing of the matter, and was never on the sloop. I don't think his wife knew any thing about it. Some time before he had picked up a yacht, and was to get $300 salvage, and when he came home so flush with money he told his wife he had got the prize money. I asked him if he would go on to New York quietly with us, or stay in jail ten or fifteen days for a requisition. He said he would go with us, and we started at 7 o'clock in the morning. He behaved so cool and indifferent that I at one time almost concluded we had mistaken our man. At the New London dépôt there was an immense crowd of people waiting to see the prisoner, and, when we went through the crowd, they cried out, "There's the murderer; lynch him—lynch him!" I told him that I would shoot the first man who touched him. At every station after that, as we came through, there were large crowds curious to see the prisoner.

VISIT OF THE PRISONER'S WIFE.

The *Herald* reporter says, on Monday 26th:

The desire on the part of thousands to get a glimpse of the suspected murderer was so great that the Second precinct station house, in which the prisoner was confined, was thronged all day yesterday with an anxious and excited crowd. Among the visitors was Johnson's wife, who arrived in the city at an early hour, in company with her infant child, and had an interview with her husband. When informed of the real charge preferred against the prisoner, she seemed very excited, and exclaimed, "I thought it would be so." The large amount of money that the prisoner was possessed of when he started from New York had created a suspicion in her mind that all was not right, but still she had no idea that her husband would resort to such monstrous means in order to acquire it. When brought down stairs to see the prisoner she seemed much affected, and wept bitterly. The prisoner, too, appeared slightly moved, and tried to smooth over matters to her satisfaction by assuring her that there was no truth whatever in the charge preferred against him; but she evidently did not believe his statement, and took her leave of him in a manner which showed that there was considerable doubt in her mind as to his innocence.

THE VISIT OF THE CORONER.

About one o'clock Coroner Schirmer paid a visit to the prisoner. Captain Weed, in order to take the prisoner unawares, introduced the official by saying that he was the Coroner who had held an inquest upon the body of Captain Burr, who had been found murdered the day previously. The announcement that one of the bodies had been found produced but little effect upon the prisoner. He merely said "Yes," in an inquiring tone, and then relapsed into his former state of silent indifference. His imperturbable manner could not have been natural. An innocent man could not have displayed such extraordinary coolness under such trying circumstances. The Coroner was shocked at the audacity of the fellow, and went up stairs, declaring he never saw any thing like it in his life.

CAPTAIN BURR'S WIFE.

It was understood yesterday that Captain Burr's wife was so shocked at the news of the tragedy that she was rendered speechless. She has hardly uttered a word since she received the sad tidings of the probable murder of her husband, and is so low that the physician in attendance gives it as his opinion that she will sink under the blow.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

## THE SEIZURE OF MIRAMON'S STEAMERS.

WE give on page 204 a beautiful picture of the seizure of the steamers *Miramon* and *Marquez* by the United States sloop of war *Saratoga* in the harbor of Vera Cruz, Mexico. The circumstances of the seizure were very simple. These two vessels were fitted out at Havana, in Cuba, as auxiliaries of the Church party in Mexico, and were dispatched by sympathizers with Miramon to assist in the assault on Vera Cruz: unfortunately for them, they declined to show their colors, when required to do so by the ships of war lying in the harbor, and when accosted by our countrymen actually fired upon them. After this, of course, there was nothing for it but to make them prizes of war as pirates.

A telegraphic dispatch to the Associated Press states that, when the fight began, these vessels showed Spanish colors. If this be so, it will complicate matters very gravely. They were not regular Spanish ships of war, but may have been privateers under the Spanish flag—fitted out by Santa Anna, Escandon, and other friends of the Church in Mexico.

The general impression of people in this country is that the seizure will do no harm. The proceedings of Otway, the late British Minister in Mexico, and Gabriac, the French Minister, have been such that it is not amiss that the Mexicans should be shown, beyond doubt, how this country feels with regard to the pending civil war in their country. Good may result, sooner or later, from this emphatic announcement of the sympathies of the United States with the liberal party.

It must always be remembered by Americans that the contest now pending in Mexico is merely the old story—the fight between the privileged class, which is the Church, and the people. For two centuries the Church in Mexico has been acquiring dominion, power, wealth, influence, and capacity. The Church property, at the present time, is worth at least $250,000,000—which, at only 5 per cent., represents an annual income of $12,500,000, nearly twice as much as the whole national revenue. Besides the power which such enormous wealth imparts, the Church party possess, over their adversaries, the incalculable advantage of a perfect and thorough organization spreading throughout the republic, from Sonora to the borders of Guatemala, and throughout society from General Miramon's household to the hut of the poorest half breed. To these two overwhelming advantages the Church adds the vast power derived from superstition. Even among an educated and enlightened people the power of the clergy is so great that very few persons can venture to contend against it: what must that power be among a people ignorant and degraded, and accustomed to delegate to others the duty of thinking for them? This is the capital of the Church party in Mexico: money, organization, and superstition. These three maintain their supremacy.

On the other hand, the popular party is based, at bottom, on the well-known principles of democracy. We do not propose to become the apologists of the Juarez Government, or to justify every act of the so-called constitutionalists of Mexico: many of their measures seem to us very ill advised. But the radical idea which underlies their organization is simply the democratic principle, as opposed to privileges, monopolies, and oligarchies of any kind. In practice, for instance, the Constitutionalists object to the setting apart of the best portions of the country for the use of the Church; to the *main-morte* system; to the exemption of Church property from seizure and taxes; to each and all the personal and real privileges and exemptions enjoyed by the Mexican clergy. Their hope of success depends on the development of intelligence among the Mexican people. Among a truly intelligent and enlightened people a theocracy is impossible. And whenever the Mexicans become enlightened and intelligent the Church party will fall; till then its chances are the best.

We have said that this was an old story. The same fight has been fought out in several States of the Union in some shape or other—for instance, in Massachusetts and South Carolina: it has been waged to an end in France, Spain, and Germany; but perhaps our neighbor, Canada, affords the best modern parallel, and a study of the Canadian problem is instructive to students of the history of Mexico.

Lower or Eastern Canada was first settled two hundred years ago by intense Catholics, nuns, friars, and priests leading the way, and a special ordinance of the French monarchy forbidding the landing of Protestants in the colony. Upper or Western Canada was settled within a hundred years by strong Church of England men, among whom Episcopalian bishops and priests were almost as powerful as the Roman Catholic clergy were in the Eastern Province. Each set of ecclesiastics, with the sagacity which marks the priesthood of dominant Churches, proceeded to anchor itself and make sure its power by acquiring land. In the Eastern Province the most fertile and promising portions of the country were secured by monks, nuns, priests, and ecclesiastical corporations. Of the cities of Quebec and Montreal, and of the richest counties of Lower Canada, at least one half was, one hundred years ago, and is still, owned by the Roman Catholic Church. The Church of England pursued the same policy in the Western province, vast tracts of land were set apart as "Clergy Reserves" and rectory domains. Thirty years ago the power of each Church, in its separate province, appeared to rest on a basis of impregnable strength. It was remarked by a sagacious traveler that even Spain, at the time when Carlos the Third was forced to strike down the Jesuits to save himself, was not so thoroughly in the hands of priests as the Canadas in 1830.

At the very time this remark was made the seeds of the inevitable conflict had been sown, and the germ was coming up. In Upper or Western Canada the money wealth of the Episcopal Church was small, and its tactics careless; education became general, and the schools were independent of "the Church." The consequence was the growth of a powerful body of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and other sects, among whom the dominant Church was regarded with envy and hatred. These soon outnumbered the members of the established Church, and commenced a crusade against "Clergy Reserves" and Rectories. The conflict was long and severe, but the issue could not be doubtful. The plea of "vested rights" has never stood in the way of a popular reform, or protected a palpable abuse from abatement. A day came when "the Church" was thoroughly beaten, and the vast tracts of land which had been set apart as the appanage of the established Church of Upper Canada were wrested from their owner and devoted to secular and educational purposes. Thus ended, after a conflict of a quarter of a century, the fight between hierarchical privilege and democracy in the Western Province.

In Canada East the case was different. From the very first settlement of the Province the Papal priests had sagaciously monopolized the teaching of youth. They spent their money lavishly in the establishment and maintenance of colleges, seminaries, and boarding-schools, at which boys and girls could be educated at a far less cost than was possible at private institutions. This judicious outlay secured generation after generation of devout Churchmen, who would rather have died than suffered an assault upon their Mother Church, and who deemed it a sacred duty to increase the means of that Church by every possible method. The superior management of the Roman Catholics in Lower Canada is evident from the fact that, notwithstanding the grave injury inflicted on the best interests of the Province by the monopoly of real property in the hands of the Church, no party of any standing has ever proposed a crusade against its overgrown ecclesiastical corporations. Churches, seminaries, colleges, nunneries, and bishoprics acquire property by devise, gift, and purchase; they can not sell an acre; they go on swelling their estate and their income from year to year; but so judiciously have they trained the people at their schools, that no one but a stray heretic here and there ever complains of the abuse, and to all outward appearance they are to-day stronger than ever.

Mexico occupies a middle position between Canada East and Canada West. As in the former, the priesthood of Mexico have secured the best land in the country; but as in the latter, they have neglected the necessary precaution of training the people, at their own expense, to believe that the aggrandizement of the Church is the gain of the country. Hence the conflict which has not yet commenced in Lower Canada is in full vigor in Mexico, and the result must of course be what it has been in Spain, France, Germany, and Canada West. A time must come, sooner or later, when the clergy will be beaten, and the people will despoil the Church of the land which it originally robbed them.

In the mean time, the part which the United States should play must be a very delicate one. It will never do to try to bully the Mexicans. They will no more stand foreign hectoring than ourselves. If we were to land an army to support Juarez to-morrow, every Mexican would rally round Miramon, and no right-minded person could censure the proceeding. All the talk which we hear about conquering Mexico is pure nonsense. We could not conquer Mexico if we tried, and the worst misfortune that could befall us would be to do so, and to have to deal with the country afterward. The true policy of the United States is stand by and look on quietly, waiting for Providence to fulfill His ends at the appointed season: evincing our sympathies on proper occasions, not obtrusively so as to vex Mexican pride, but discreetly so as to let our opinion have its fair weight with intelligent Mexicans. Mexico has great capacities; immense mineral wealth; great agricultural resources; fair industrial capacity; a moral and quiet people; a good internal system of law; a comparatively small debt. As soon as the irrepressible conflict is ended, she will take her place worthily among the nations of the world, and will become a useful, powerful, and friendly neighbor.

## BRADY'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

MANY regrets were expressed, on the death of the late Washington Irving, that he had left no portrait with which his friends were satisfied.

For many years of his life Mr. Irving had refused to sit for his portrait, and his relatives and friends said that in early life pictures had not been satisfactory to him. Literary institutions, historical societies at home and abroad, had in vain solicited his portrait. This aversion seemed unconquerable. Recently a lady, a relative of the family, who has been absent in Europe several years, much to the surprise of his family, said she had a small daguerreotype taken of Mr. Irving previous to her departure for Europe. It was a good likeness; and from this, after infinite labor and expense, a fine photograph has been obtained by Mr. Brady of this city, and a portrait in oil on canvas. His friends and nearest relatives are delighted with it, and pronounce it perfect.

The many admirers of the great Washington Irving can now have an opportunity of gracing their libraries by a portrait pronounced excellent. The genial smile is peculiarly his own; and the face expresses all the humor, genius, and humanity belonging to his character. Mr. Brady is certainly indefatigable in his profession, and deserves the popularity he enjoys.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

BERRIEN SPRINGS, *March* 14, 1860.

I OBSERVED in your *Weekly*, dated March 3, a drawing of the "Sea-Serpent." I thought it might interest you to know that a fish corresponding in every particular but one was stranded on the sea beach at Turk's Island, I believe, in 1835. I am not certain of the year. Mr. George Gibbs, who is something of a naturalist, saw it, and he is still residing at Turk's Island. The only difference I can discern is, that the one *I saw* at Turk's Island had over the head and for some distance adown the sides of the back beautiful protuberances like silver studs—not plain studs, but of raised work. I do not remember the length, but it was exhibited for a day or two by the colored man who found it, and then thrown back into the sea. I recollect feeling surprised that no one took the trouble to stuff it, for it was perfectly sound. Whether those protuberances were peculiar to the female, or whether it was very young and afterward would lose them, is a doubt. It was very beautiful, and had a bright silvery appearance from the mouth to the tip of the tail.

Very respectfully yours,

SUSAN ELIZA LEEDS.

## THE LOUNGER.

ALL THE BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

THE letter which the Lounger published last week, written by "The Lady in the Blue Bonnet," and addressed to the dear young lady who "giggled and gabbled" at the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Concert, has brought upon the Lounger a cloud of notes, some of which he publishes, that the merits of the case may be laid fairly before the great Public.

There is evidently a profound difference in the opinions upon this momentous topic. It is a question of manners, indeed; but those who would not regard the Lounger's opinion (alas!) may perhaps give heed to Burke, "the one name, greatest of all," as Mr O'Gorman said in his glowing speech the other night at the St. Patrick's dinner, as he touched with light and music the fame of the great Irish orators. In the High Court of Manners, Addison, J., hear what Burke, C. J., from the Highest Court of Social Law, gives in evidence. You will find it recorded in his first letter on a Regicide Peace:

"Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in."

Therefore you will pardon to a Lounger the space he allows for the discussion of the subject. Besides, it concerns the hearing of music, and all good citizens are interested that good music shall be heard. It is not rates of interest, nor the laws of supply and demand in trade, that radically control society. Society is composed of men and women, and they are influenced by ideas—what we call interest is only an idea. Society is the globe. The Hindoo philosophers are satisfied that it rests upon an elephant, who stands upon a tortoise. There are men who are perhaps wiser, and who be-

lieve that it rests nowhere, but is forever supported by invisible, divine forces. Selfishness is the tortoise, going upon its belly. Many people can understand that its shell may be strong enough to support an elephant; and perhaps the elephant holds the globe. But the theory is insufficient. The unseen things are the strong things in this world, as in all life—

But the Lounger must cut himself short to make room for his correspondents.

Sir,—Is this a free country, or is it not? If I buy a ticket to a concert, have I the right to enter the hall, or have I not? To take a seat, or not? If I have, have I surrendered my liberty of speech by the purchase of my ticket? If I hire a room at a hotel, haven't I an undoubted right to bang my boots down at the door, when I go to bed, if I want to, or to sing and shout, if I choose to? In the name of justice have I not purchased the right to that room, and are my arms to be paralyzed and my lungs obstructed by som body whom I should certainly kick if I met him in the passage? If a "Lady in the Blue Bonnet," whom I know nothing about, except that she is probably a frowsy, peevish old maid, doesn't like the Philharmonic rehearsals, let her stay at home. I like 'em, and I don't see why people should be gagged at 'em. If she doesn't want to hear people talk, let her go to the deaf-mute church, up in something street. It'll be still enough for her there, probably; and they want more money. They have a debt, poor things! and they are selling prints of the church to help pay it off. Now mark my words, Mr Lounger. *I don't believe this lady* (she calls herself so) *in a blue bonnet has bought a single copy of that picture to help along the poor deaf-mutes.* Of course not; such people never do. They complain, in the meanest, most selfish way, of being deprived of hearing music at a paltry concert, simply because they've paid for it! They want their money's worth—that's the whole story.

For my part I'm sick of this twaddle about hearing music. By Heavens! it's enough to make a patient man jump out of his skin to hear these people go on. There are at least sixty instruments—sixty instruments, Mr. Lounger, banging and twanging and blurting and roaring, enough to bring the house down, and because some innocent and lovely girl uses her unquestionable right, as a being in civilized society, to speak—yes, Sir—to speak, to whisper, to express her opinion, or her emotion, or to make a suggestion, in tones more or less loud (as if she could be heard even if she bawled out in the midst of that tremendous din!), why, something in the guise of humanity must thereupon complain piteously, as if the lovely and innocent girl had committed an enormity! I do not dare to trust myself to speak of such conduct as it deserves, or to characterize such a mean, miserable, contemptible, imbecile, disgusting, loathsome proceeding as it richly merits. I pass it over, with this one word of exhortation to the person who wears a blue bonnet: Just mind your own business. I don't complain of your coming to hear the music, and I'll thank you not to row about my talking if I want to. Suppose that I choose to? Probably you have a husband* (poor fellow!), and I inclose my card.

Yours, Mr. Lounger,
Vesuvius Jones,
Midshipman, U.S.N.

Dear Lounger,—This is between us—but do you know the real history of the letter signed "The Lady in the Blue Bonnet," which you published last week? It's very good, and this it is:

You see it isn't a woman at all. Didn't you guess it? Tom Mamble and I are rivals. I am not ashamed to own it, because every body knows it, and every body knows that Clara is going to give Master Tom the mit—mit—mitten. I've sent him one anonymously through the Post-office already, and made him pay heavy postage for it, like fun. Well, now you see how it is. Clara, and Tom, and I were sitting together at the rehearsal—that is, I was sitting by her, and Tom must needs come up and poke himself into the spare seat on the other side. Now, strictly between us, Tom is the most utter ass going. It is really quite surprising what an ass he is. Well, you see the whole thing. When he found that he couldn't talk with her, he pretended to listen to the music; but I knew all the time he was trying to hear what we were saying. He was mad as fire at something Clara had told him. I heard her say that he mustn't say such things—and I guess the ass was offering himself. At any rate, he was dreadful angry, and went away without saying a word when the whole thing was done, and the letter last week is the way in which he chose to take his revenge. There was no more a Lady in a Blue Bonnet there than there was a bull in a china shop. It was only Master Tom Mumble, who was mad with a girl because she wouldn't have him. The fact is, a rehearsal is a capital cover to talk. You may say lots of things in a semi-audible, buzzing kind of way, and the hum prevents the actual words from being heard. Clara and I always go, and have our best talks there; and I suppose I sha'n't be bothered any more; for if Master Tom didn't get his mitten last time, he will next. I hope things are jolly with you.

Yours, old Lounger, Frank Smiley.

The Lounger has at least a bushel of notes, in every variety of delicate, timid, girl's hand, beginning, "Dear Lounger,—that homely old thing who calls herself a 'Lady in the Blue Bonnet' means *me*; but, poor old dotard! I only pity her," etc., etc. The number of "dear young ladies" who have thus convicted themselves is enormous. The Lounger is sorry for them. He is sure that they will do better in future. The blue-bonneted lady was tart; but did she not say a great many true things—a great many things worth remembering?

* Mr. Midshipman Jones forgets, in this ardor, a previous passage of his letter, in which he suggests the spinster condition of "The Lady in the Blue Bonnet."

If any still doubt, here is one more letter:

My dear Lounger,—I was delighted to see the letter to a dear young lady, which you published last week, from the Lady in the Blue Bonnet. I have suffered so much from precisely the same annoyance, and every body seemed so unwilling to say any thing about it, that I was gradually settling into misanthropy, or, rather, misogyny.

You will ask me why I did not speak. Simply because I can not. I am so infernally polite that I am at every body's mercy. If a man grinds my corn with his new shoes, half a foot thick in the sole, I smile in the sweetest manner, as if he were tickling me. If I see two men bump against each other in the street, I always lift my hat and exclaim, "I beg your pardon!" as if I were concerned in the matter. If somebody asks somebody else at table to have something, I look bland and bend my head, merely because I am conscious that the occasion has arisen for blandness and head-bending. If a city friend goes out with me to my country-place, and takes an oar in my boat upon the river, although he pulls directly against me I say not a word. I would rather sink to the bottom of the stream than suggest that he is making hard work for me; and I tug away silently at my oar, and come home with such swollen veins in my forehead that my doctor, who once met me returning in such a condition, whipped out his lancet without a word, and bled me freely; while my city friend, mistaking him for a highwayman and assassin, hit the doctor upon the head with the oar, so that I had to bleed him with his own lancet to recover him. It all came of my inability to ask my friend not to pull the wrong way.

So I should doubtless have been a happy married man long ago if I could only have brought myself to inflict upon an innocent girl the surprise and confusion of an offer. I tried once—I did, indeed.

"Dear Miss Budken!" I cried; but immediately felt the apoplectic tendency in my forehead. She blushed—she stammered—she looked down. It was frightful. I cursed myself for subjecting her to such embarrassment; and, forgetting myself, raised my hand to my head, as if to touch my hat, which only increased my bewilderment, and gasped,

"I beg your pardon, Miss Budken, I'm sure," and never alluded to the subject again.

You may be interested—I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for I don't see why you should be—but it is interesting and instructive to me to know that she is Miss Budken no longer. She is Mrs. Nicholas Butterbury now. I see her sometimes at the Philharmonic rehearsals. She is the large woman who occupies two seats (her husband always pays double fare for her in the cars), and who sleeps through the music. What a painfully impolite person her husband must be! For you see he couldn't have paid the least attention to the blushing and stammering.

Now you see the reason why I can not speak to the young ladies when they make such a noise at the Philharmonic rehearsals and concerts. If I had a daughter, and she should behave with the vulgarity and impoliteness of the girls who "giggle and gabble" during the music, I shouldn't speak to her about it—I suppose I couldn't do that—but I should quietly go home and take prussic acid. As it is, I only look on in perfect amazement and secret indignation. But it is entirely secret. I beam about like a May morning. If one of the girls says something particularly silly, and looks at me as if she expected me to laugh, why, I am too polite not to. My politeness will not suffer me to disappoint her—and I grin. That only encourages her. Away she goes, and I am conscious that it is I who am the real cause of the disturbance. It is all my confounded politeness. But you wouldn't have me an unfeeling brute, would you?

Of course the same thing prevents my rising and changing my place. That would be a tacit disapprobation of the dear young lady's conduct. It might pain her. No, I could not bring myself to that.

You may imagine, then, dear Lounger, the peculiar satisfaction with which I read the letter of last week. If I were not afraid of confusing her, I should try to discover the lady in the blue bonnet. But suppose I should allow my eyes to search for her, and suddenly they should alight upon her, and she should perceive that I was wondering if she were she—I should shrivel and fall off my seat. No, no, my dear friend, not for worlds would I betray that I suspected she could write—how much less that she had written the letter which gives me such satisfaction.

If it did not seem to me very impolite to have solicited your attention for so short a communication, I should stop here; but common politeness constrains me to continue, and ask whether you think the letter of the lady in the blue bonnet will do any good? Do you suppose the dear young lady to whom it was addressed has probably received it; and if she has, whether she will talk all the louder at the next concert? Do you think it was the dear young lady who sat next to me—for I am sure she chattered long enough and loud enough—and if she were not a dear young lady, I should certainly call her a very vulgar, disagreeable girl.

Good-by, dear Mr. Lounger. I thank you profoundly for the kind attention with which, I have no doubt, you will read this note; and I am, with a thousand apologies, and with the utmost respect, your most obedient, humble, and obsequious servant,

The Short Gentleman in Spectacles.

## GODWIN'S "FRANCE."

Before the summer the first volume of Parke Godwin's History of France will be published; and the author will take the place he has won by scholarship, research, enthusiasm, and remarkable judicial, historic perception, in the famous group of our historians—Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, Hildreth, and Motley. Mr. Godwin brings to his work an early love of the subject; a faithful study, followed through many years; a matured comprehension of the relation of his theme to universal history; and a style known to all thoughtful readers as singularly nervous, racy, idiomatic, and brilliant. The opportunities of vivid and interesting description of the great semi-barbaric forays of the Middle Ages will not, we may be sure, be lost by the historian. We, who are contemporary with the latest French movements in Italy, shall naturally hang with peculiar interest upon the newest; while in France itself we shall look to the historian—prepared for the narration by especial interest and knowledge—for a clear, continuous statement, developed in historical progression, of the spirit which culminated in the French Revolution, traced through all its ramifications in politics, religion, society, literature, science, and art; in schools of philosophy, in practical experiments of social reform, in political theories, and in scientific achievement. For the abstract contemplation of all that is involved in the great argument of the development of one of the controlling national forces of civilization, and for its picturesque and popular presentation, Mr. Godwin is especially fitted; and while Prescott, with passionless but faithful touch, shows the beginning of modern history; and Motley, with impetuous eloquence, makes the story of the Netherlands' revolt ring like the Niebelungen—Motley, the Tyrtæus of historians—Godwin will deepen and prolong the strain with the epic of French story, with all its romantic episodes of chivalry and Provençal song.

Among the many good books which the year will bring us, we may be very sure that the first volume o the History of France will be of the chief in permanent value; and the laurels which its author has hitherto worn in single sprays will be twined into a crown.

## FISTS.

If two men were preparing to attack each other with hammers on some pleasant day in April, would it be necessary to sit still and do nothing but bet upon the result? Does it make any serious difference when the hammers are human fists instead of iron tools? Two men are known to be getting ready to fall upon each other with their Cyclopian fists, and to batter and bang until one is killed or maimed, or is so beaten and bruised that he can not stand up. Nothing depends upon the affair but bets upon both sides of the Atlantic. Nothing is settled or proved by it. It is a piece of unmitigated brutality. It is the most disgusting exhibition of bestial qualities, which seem doubly bestial when so used. Great muscular strength is a grand thing, although the apotheosis of muscle is rather overdone at the present moment; but there is nothing half so agreeable in seeing the superior strength of one man proved by mangling another into a bloody jelly, as in seeing a hungry bear quietly hug a man to death, and eat him up. In the latter case, it is a famished beast using the power of a beast to satisfy his natural craving. In the former case, it is a man using the power of a beast to maim or murder another man for no possible purpose whatsoever.

The gladiatorial combat of a prisoner with a beast—the enforced fight between two captives—the miserable, ridiculous duel even—all have some intelligible excuse, but they are all frightful in themselves, and in their influence and results. The prize-fight is unredeemed savagery. It is the absolute negation of humanity. It is a degradation beneath beasts, for wild animals are never less than animals; while a man in the prize-ring shows no quality of humanity.

## GEOFFREY CRAYON.

Mr. Thomas Hicks has just completed an exquisite sketch of the genial author so lately dead. It represents him at full length, seated in an easy-chair in a pleasant library—paper upon the table at his side—his portrait, dimly outlined, hanging upon the wall above and behind his head, while a window opens to the floor out upon a balcony, beyond which the Hudson stretches placidly away, lighted by two or three sails of the sloops which are so characteristic of the dreamy, loitering romance with which Irving has invested the river and its shores.

The head is that of the younger man—of Geoffrey Crayon as he is known to us in Stewart Newton's portrait. The position and the accessories are perfectly harmonious. It is the genial gentleman, the elegant scholar, the sweet dreamer, the unaffected author, the simple, affectionate man, that we see in the picture, and, as we see, remember how we loved him. It will unquestionably be the portrait of Irving—one of the rare and happy works that tell to the eye what the heart longs to know of the personality of the author it reveres and cherishes.

# HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In the early days of Wisconsin, when this State was nearly a wilderness, Colonel Blank moved into these parts, and soon became a noted character. He had one particular failing, so common to most of our Western men, that of *spreeing it* considerably. One winter, when he represented Iowa County in our Territorial Legislature, he remained *under the weather* nearly the whole time, and till the close of the session. But the next day after the session had adjourned the Colonel was found up and dressed, and perfectly *sober*. One of his co-legislatives accidentally meeting him inquired of him the cause of this, as it was usual for most of them to have a *spree* after the session. The Colonel very blandly replied, that during the session *he had represented his constituents*; the session having closed, he represented *himself*.

The following old English Valentines have just been discovered by an indefatigable antiquary:

"Rowena is my adye-love,
Her robe itte is a gunna:
Shee wears blewe haire her ears above,
O is shee notte a stunna!"

"Youre nose is redde, your haire is blew,
Youre nailes are blacke, styl I loave yew!
Andd gif youre Pa wyl stande ye shine,
Sweette mayde, I'll bee youre Vallentine!"

Trappe Eastern Shore Md

Messrs Jones & Co.

Sir i want a fiddle and as i am odd from every body else i want an odd fiddle.

I have one but it is a right handed fiddle i want a left handed fiddle.

The counter and base wont sound and i can only give one reason for the counter and base not sounding right and that is because the sound post has to be on the left side of the fiddle and on the left side of the fiddle there is a strip of wood that extends from one end to the other inside of the fiddle. And this piece of wood that is inside of a right handed fiddle is on the left side of the left handed fiddle and the sound post is on the right side of the fiddle. Now this piece that i mentioned above of a right handed fiddle supports the counter and base now this piece must be on the right side of the fiddle so the sound post must be on the left side of the fiddle under the trebble if you succeed in getting a viol for me it will be a great favor i want one only 20 inches in length the bow 24 inches in length i want one that will cost me about 5 dollars i dont want it to cost me any more than 5 dollars cost and carriage all must not be over 5 dollars. I suppose you know my father Jeems Jones

Yours &
Anser soon Thomas Jones

PS if there is no such fiddle to be had in your city please try and get one made for me

To Mess Jones & Co
Baltimore Md.

Simkins remarked that money is the great lever in the affairs of mankind. "A very great *leaver*, indeed," replied Blinks; "I never can keep it."

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular?—"Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

"I am going to write a book on popular ignorance," said a conceited young man to Brown. "I know of no one," said the latter, "more competent to prepare such a work."

A medical gentleman wrote a letter in 1832 to Sir Henry Halford on cholera, in which he took to himself the credit of being "the first to discover the disease, and communicate it to the public."

When his cousin Charlotte Dunne was married, Jones said, "It was Dunne before it was begun, Dunne while it was doing, and it was not Dunne when it was done."

An old lady once complained to her doctor that she could scarcely breathe. "Don't try, my good soul," replied the candid physician; "nobody wants you to do it."

A quack advertises a compound that will cure every thing from a bad character to a bad temper.

"How tall are you, my jewel?" "I stand six feet in my shoes!" "Six feet in your shoes! Why, no man living can stand more nor two feet in his shoes; you might as well say you stood six heads in your hat."

It is an old and true saying that a man should not marry unless he can support a wife; and, from some examples that we have seen, we are beginning to doubt seriously whether a woman can prudently marry unless she can support a husband.

Cricketing for the Nursery.—Give a child a bat and it'll bail.

A poet says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came and left his traces there." What became of the balance of the harness he don't state.

"Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?" "No; but I've got the next thing to it." "What's that?" "A severe cold."

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family has a better right to O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we owe every body."

During the service at the Abbey Church, Scotland, recently, the vicar had just published for the second time the bans of marriage between Henry Coombe (a lad aged nineteen) and Elizabeth Teague (a buxom widow of thirty, with four children for a marriage-portion), when up rose a short, thick-set, elderly female, who had been remarkably busy with her snuff-box among the old women in the middle aisle during the former part of the service, and, in a snuffy, twanging tone, cried out: "I forbid the bans in this church; ay, and in all other churches." Of course the young women couldn't help tittering a little, and gazing a great deal at the snuffy old woman, who had accomplished the daring feat of brawling in church, according to the rubric; and who, after all, turned out to be the mother of the would-be bridegroom.

Nature v. Art.—Nature will always triumph over acquired genius, as the following anecdote amusingly illustrates: Cecco d'Arcoli argued against Dante that nature was more powerful than art; Dante asserted the contrary, and attempted to prove the truth of his assertion by exhibiting his cat, which, by dint of long practice, had been accustomed to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco, however, was not unprepared for the exhibition, and, while Dante's cat went through his performance he let loose a couple of mice. Whereupon the cat immediately dropped the candle, and rushed upon the mice; so that nature once more triumphed over art.

## HON. JOHN S. PHELPS, OF MISSOURI.

John Smith Phelps, of Missouri, is—in legislative parlance—the "senior member" of the present House of Representatives. Many of his colleagues are older in years, but his consecutive term of service dates back to the commencement of the Twenty-ninth Congress, in 1845, and it consequently devolved upon him to administer the oath of office to the Speaker elect.

Three brothers Phelps, emigrants from Old England, landed at Plymouth, in New England, in 1635; and one of them, animated by an adventurous spirit, was soon afterward a pioneer settler in what is now the State of Connecticut. His descendants were industrious yeomen, ready at all times to take up arms in defense of their homes. One of them, Captain Elisha Phelps, fought gallantly in the "Old French War;" and another—Noah Phelps (the grandfather of the subject of this sketch)—did good service in the Revolutionary struggle. At Ticonderoga he commanded, as sergeant, a party of scouts sent in advance to reconnoitre, and before the close of the war he had risen to the rank of captain.

Elisha Phelps, a son of this Revolutionary patriot, was a graduate of Yale College, and celebrated as a successful lawyer and as a leading politician. He was repeatedly elected by his fellow-townsmen to represent them in the popular branch of the State Legislature, over which he presided in 1821 and 1829; and he served several terms in the State Senate. From 1830 to 1834 he was Controller of the State, and afterward acted as one of a Board of Commissioners who revised the State statutes. He was a Representative in Congress from 1819 to 1821, participating in the debates on the admission of Missouri, and again from 1825 to 1829.

John Smith Phelps, a son of Elisha, was born at Simsbury, Hartford County, Connecticut, on the 22d of December, 1814; so that he is now but in the prime of life, although patriarchally known as the "senior member." His father destined him for the law, and after the young man had graduated at Hartford, took him into his office, where he studied until admitted to the bar. For a few months he practiced law at home, but soon decided to seek a wider field of action, and "in life's morning march, when his spirit was young," he started for what was then regarded as the Far West.

In 1837 Mr. Phelps reached Missouri, and determined to settle in the fertile region then recently vacated by the Delawares and the Kickapoos. Judge Tompkins, of the Supreme Court, before whom he was examined before receiving a license to practice, advised him to settle in a more populous region; but the young lawyer preferred identifying himself with a young community, confident that he would advance with its prosperity. That Judicial Circuit (the territory of which now embraces twenty-five counties) then contained but six counties; yet, to attend the courts held in each three times a year, Mr. Phelps was obliged to ride eighteen hundred miles! The pioneer settlers were rough, uncultivated, and often lawless men, and every man went armed, even in court. The young lawyer was thus inured to hardship, and taught self-reliance whenever danger threatened. It is in frontier life that many of our foremost men have imbibed the true principles of independence and of individual responsibility, and have learned to value their fellow-citizens according to their merits—not as they "are 'ranked and sized' in crowded communities, according to the orders of society, or dwarfed by dependence and the pressure of poverty." The knowledge of human nature acquired in the long forest rides around that frontier circuit, or in the rude court-houses, has since been of signal service to Mr. Phelps in harmonizing and controlling the discordant elements of the national House of Representatives.

The young squire soon became popular. His manly disposition, kindness of heart, and high social qualities won for him the esteem of a host of friends, many of whom became his clients.

In 1840 his Democratic fellow-citizens elected him to represent them in the State Legislature; and it is worthy of remark that he has ever been a consistent member of the Democratic party, as founded by Jefferson and indorsed by Jackson. His first experience in legislation was somewhat trying, as his party was smarting under their defeat by General Harrison, and the Whig minority in Missouri was jubilant over their national victory. About this time Mr. Phelps was appointed Brigade Inspector of Militia, and has since borne the title of Major—a modest and somewhat rare title in these days when Generals and Colonels abound on every hand.

In 1844 Major Phelps was elected a Representative to Congress from Missouri on a general ticket—that State having resisted the Mandamus Act requiring the establishment of Congressional Districts, until the session of the Legislature of 1844–'45. In 1846 he was elected in his District, and he has since been re-elected, until he is now serving his eighth term, this being his sixteenth session. His popularity is shown by the fact that, with one exception, he has not been at home during the canvassings or at the elections. Competitors have been numerous, but his constituents are well aware of his devotion to their interests, and of the faithful manner in which he represents them.

Major Phelps served five years on the Post-office Committee of the House, and was instrumental in bringing about the first reduction of postage, to three cents on paid letters, and five cents on those unpaid. This important reform he advocated in the House, and subsequent results have proved the correctness of his arguments, based on statistical data.

Transferred to the Committee on Ways and Means, which, in fact, *prepares* all the legislation of a public character involving the receipt or payment of moneys for the action of the House, Major Phelps has since been a prominent member. In the Thirty-fifth Congress he was chairman of the committee, and had an arduous task, the financial difficulties rendering a curtailment of expenses imperative, although prejudicial to individual interests and local desires. In accomplishing this difficult task Major Phelps won high honors.

In 1850, when the whole country was agitated by sectional issues, Major Phelps took a decided stand in defense of the Union, yet was in nowise disposed to relinquish the rights of the citizens of Missouri. The admission of California received his support, but he earnestly opposed the purchase of the territory of Texas at an expense of ten millions of dollars, and he resisted the abolition of the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. In the Kansas discussions he has sturdily defended his State from the aspersions cast upon it.

Major Phelps was one of the earliest advocates of a Pacific railroad, and in the Thirty-second Congress he secured the passage of a bill which donated to the State of Missouri the right of way, and large grants of land, for a railroad from St. Louis to the southwestern portion of the State. This line of railroad, joined by a branch from Memphis, Major Phelps hopes to see prolonged—through New Mexico—to California.

The building of the Missouri portion of this railroad has more than fulfilled the predictions of its usefulness made by Major Phelps when he urged Congress to aid in its construction by grants of land. The country has become inhabited, and the restless pioneers of civilization have moved nearer toward the setting sun, making way for a more refined and educated population. But the popularity of the Representative of the District in the Congress of the United States has kept even pace with the march of improvement. Well do his constituents know that his integrity and fidelity to Democratic principles are equaled by his careful attention to the business of each one of his constituents, rich or poor, who has interests to be looked after at Washington. Others intrust such matters to clerks—he gives it his personal supervision.

During the past summer Major Phelps accepted an invitation from the territorial authorities to visit New Mexico, for the prosperity of which he has ever taken a decided stand in Congress. He was received with great enthusiasm, and his journey through the territory was a perfect ovation.

Major Phelps resides on and successfully cultivates one of the largest farms in Southwestern Missouri, about a mile and a half from Springfield. There, with his two children, he enjoys his brief vacations, and indulges in the pleasures of rural life. He is rather tall and erect, with a graceful form, a quiet but earnest look, a keen, searching eye, a finely-developed forehead, and a genial expression of countenance. He is "no orator as Brutus is," neither does he bore the House with elaborate essays or patch-work speeches, yet he never fails to command attention and respect when he takes the floor. He never provokes a contest, but never relinquishes a position; always, by plain, frank statements, narrowing down the question, until by one plain truth he secures success. His remarks, although invariably "off-hand," are replete with reliable information, and form a valuable portion of the recorded debates.

HON. JOHN S. PHELPS, OF MISSOURI.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]]

## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

### By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

### MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

*July 5th.*—The events of yesterday warned me to be ready, sooner or later, to meet the worst. To-day is not yet at an end; and the worst has come.

Judging by the closest calculation of time that Laura and I could make, we arrived at the conclusion that Anne Catherick must have appeared at the boat-house at half past two o'clock on the afternoon of yesterday. I accordingly arranged that Laura should just show herself at the luncheon table, to-day, and should then slip out at the first opportunity; leaving me behind to preserve appearances, and to follow her as soon as I could safely do so. This mode of proceeding, if no obstacles occurred to thwart us, would enable her to be at the boat-house before half past two, and (when I left the table in my turn) would take me to a safe position in the plantation before three.

The change in the weather, which last night's wind warned us to expect, came with the morning. It was raining heavily when I got up, and it continued to rain until twelve o'clock—when the clouds dispersed, the blue sky appeared, and the sun shone again with the bright promise of a fine afternoon.

My anxiety to know how Sir Percival and the Count would occupy the early part of the day was by no means set at rest, so far as Sir Percival was concerned, by his leaving us immediately after breakfast and going out by himself in spite of the rain. He neither told us where he was going nor when we might expect him back. We saw him pass the breakfast-room window hastily, with his high boots and his water-proof coat on; and that was all.

The Count passed the morning quietly in-doors; some part of it in the library; some part in the drawing-room, playing odds and ends of music on the piano, and humming to himself. Judging by appearances, the sentimental side of his character was persistently inclined to betray itself still. He was silent and sensitive, and ready to sigh and languish ponderously (as only fat men *can* sigh and languish) on the smallest provocation.

Luncheon-time came, and Sir Percival did not return. The Count took his friend's place at the table—plaintively devoured the greater part of a fruit tart submerged under a whole jugful of cream—and explained the full merit of the achievement to us as soon as he had done. "A taste for sweets," he said, in his softest tones and his tenderest manner, "is the innocent taste of women and children. I love to share it with them—it is another bond, dear ladies, between you and me."

Laura left the table in ten minutes' time. I was sorely tempted to accompany her. But if we had both gone out together we must have excited suspicion; and worse still, if we allowed Anne Catherick to see Laura accompanied by a second person who was a stranger to her, we should in all probability forfeit her confidence from that moment, never to regain it again.

I waited, therefore, as patiently as I could, until the servant came in to clear the table. When I quitted the room there were no signs, in the house or out of it, of Sir Percival's return. I left the Count with a piece of sugar between his lips, and the vicious cockatoo scrambling up his waistcoat to get at it; while Madame Fosco, sitting opposite to her husband, watched the proceedings of his bird and himself as attentively as if she had never seen any thing of the sort before in her life. On my way to the plantation I kept carefully beyond the range of view from the luncheon-room window. Nobody saw me, and nobody followed me. It was then a quarter to three o'clock by my watch.

Once among the trees, I walked rapidly, until I had advanced more than half-way through the plantation. At that point I slackened my pace, and proceeded cautiously; but I saw no one, and heard no voices. By little and little I came within view of the back of the boat-house—stopped and listened—then went on till I was close behind it, and must have heard any persons who had been talking inside. Still the silence was unbroken: still, far and near, no sign of a living creature appeared any where.

After skirting round by the back of the building, first on one side and then on the other, and making no discoveries, I ventured in front of it and fairly looked in. The place was empty.

I called "Laura!"—at first, softly—then louder and louder. No one answered, and no one appeared. For all that I could see and hear, the only human creature in the neighborhood of the lake and the plantation was myself.

My heart began to beat violently; but I kept my resolution, and searched, first the boat-house and then the ground in front of it, for any signs which might show me whether Laura had really reached the place or not. No mark of her presence appeared inside the building; but I found traces of her outside it, in footsteps on the sand.

I detected the footsteps of two persons—large footsteps, like a man's, and small footsteps, which, by putting my own feet into them and

testing their size in that manner, I felt certain were Laura's. The ground was confusedly marked in this way just before the boat-house. Close against one side of it, under shelter of the projecting roof, I discovered a little hole in the sand—a hole artificially made, beyond a doubt. I just noticed it, and then turned away immediately to trace the footsteps as far as I could, and to follow the direction in which they might lead me.

They led me, starting from the left-hand side of the boat-house, along the edge of the trees, a distance, I should think, of between two and three hundred yards—and then the sandy ground showed no further trace of them. Feeling that the persons whose course I was tracking must necessarily have entered the plantation at this point, I entered it too. At first I could find no path, but I discovered one afterward just faintly traced among the trees, and followed it. It took me, for some distance, in the direction of the village, until I stopped at a point where another foot-track crossed it. The brambles grew thickly on either side of this second path. I stood, looking down it, uncertain which way to take next; and, while I looked, I saw on one thorny branch some fragments of fringe from a woman's shawl. A closer examination of the fringe satisfied me that it had been torn from a shawl of Laura's, and I instantly followed the second path. It brought me out, at last, to my great relief, at the back of the house. I say to my great relief, because I inferred that Laura must, for some unknown reason, have returned before me by this roundabout way. I went in by the court-yard and the offices. The first person whom I met in crossing the servants'-hall was Mrs. Michelson, the housekeeper.

"Do you know," I asked, "whether Lady Glyde has come in from her walk or not?"

"My lady came in a little while ago with Sir Percival," answered the housekeeper. "I am afraid, Miss Halcombe, something very distressing has happened."

My heart sank within me. "You don't mean an accident!" I said, faintly.

"No, no—thank God, no accident! But my lady ran up stairs to her own room in tears; and Sir Percival has ordered me to give Fanny warning to leave in an hour's time."

Fanny was Laura's maid; a good, affectionate girl, who had been with her for years—the only person in the house whose fidelity and devotion we could both depend upon.

"Where is Fanny?" I inquired.

"In my room, Miss Halcombe. The young woman is quite overcome, and I told her to sit down and try to recover herself."

I went to Mrs. Michelson's room, and found Fanny in a corner, with her box by her side, crying bitterly.

She could give me no explanation whatever of her sudden dismissal. Sir Percival had ordered that she should have a month's wages, in place of a month's warning, and go. No reason had been assigned; no objection had been made to her conduct. She had been forbidden to appeal to her mistress, forbidden even to see her for a moment to say good-by. She was to go without explanations or farewells—and to go at once.

After soothing the poor girl by a few friendly words, I asked where she proposed to sleep that night. She replied that she thought of going to the little inn in the village, the landlady of which was a respectable woman, known to the servants at Blackwater Park. The next morning, by leaving early, she might get back to her friends in Cumberland, without stopping in London, where she was a total stranger.

I felt directly that Fanny's departure offered us a safe means of communication with London and with Limmeridge House, of which it might be very important to avail ourselves. Accordingly, I told her that she might expect to hear from her mistress or from me in the course of the evening, and that she might depend on our both doing all that lay in our power to help her, under the trial of leaving us for the present. Those words said, I shook hands with her and went up stairs.

The door which led to Laura's room was the door of an ante-chamber, opening on to the passage. When I tried it, it was bolted on the inside.

I knocked, and the door was opened by the same heavy, overgrown housemaid, whose lumpish insensibility had tried my patience so severely on the day when I found the wounded dog. I had, since that time, discovered that her name was Margaret Porcher, and that she was the most awkward, slatternly, and obstinate servant in the house.

On opening the door she instantly stepped out to the threshold, and stood grinning at me in stolid silence.

"Why do you stand there?" I said. "Don't you see that I want to come in?"

"Ah, but you mustn't come in," was the answer, with another and a broader grin still.

"How dare you talk to me in that way? Stand back instantly!"

She stretched out a great red hand and arm on each side of her, so as to bar the door-way, and slowly nodded her addle head at me.

"Master's orders," she said; and nodded again.

I had need of all my self-control to warn me against contesting the matter with *her*, and to remind me that the next words I had to say must be addressed to her master. I turned my back on her, and instantly went down stairs to find him. My resolution to keep my temper under all the irritations that Sir Percival could offer was, by this time, as completely forgotten—I say so to my shame—as if I had never made it. It did me good—after all I had suffered and suppressed in that house—it actually did me good to feel how angry I was.

The drawing-room and the breakfast-room were both empty. I went on to the library, and there I found Sir Percival, the Count, and Madame Fosco. They were all three standing up, close together, and Sir Percival had a little slip of paper in his hand. As I opened the door I heard the Count say to him, "No—a thousand times over, No."

I walked straight up to him, and looked him full in the face.

"Am I to understand, Sir Percival, that your wife's room is a prison, and that your housemaid is the jailer who keeps it?" I asked.

"Yes; that *is* what you are to understand," he answered. "Take care my jailer hasn't got double duty to do—take care your room is not a prison too."

"Take *you* care how you treat your wife, and how you threaten *me*," I broke out, in the heat of my anger. "There are laws in England to protect women from cruelty and outrage. If you hurt a hair of Laura's head, if you dare to interfere with my freedom, come what come may, to those laws I will appeal."

Instead of answering me, he turned round to the Count.

"What did I tell you?" he asked. "What do you say now?"

"What I said before," replied the Count—"No."

Even in the vehemence of my anger I felt his calm, cold, gray eyes on my face. They turned away from me as soon as he had spoken, and looked significantly at his wife. Madame Fosco immediately moved close to my side, and in that position addressed Sir Percival before either of us could speak again.

"Favor me with your attention for one moment," she said, in her clear, icily-suppressed tones. "I have to thank you, Sir Percival, for your hospitality, and to decline taking advantage of it any longer. I remain in no house in which ladies are treated as your wife and Miss Halcombe have been treated here to-day!"

Sir Percival drew back a step, and stared at her in dead silence. The declaration he had just heard—a declaration which he well knew, as I well knew, Madame Fosco would not have ventured to make without her husband's permission—seemed to petrify him with surprise. The Count stood by, and looked at his wife with the most enthusiastic admiration.

"She is sublime!" he said to himself. He approached her while he spoke, and drew her hand through his arm. "I am at your service, Eleanor," he went on, with a quiet dignity that I had never noticed in him before. "And at Miss Halcombe's service, if she will honor me by accepting all the assistance I can offer her."

"Damn it! what do you mean?" cried Sir Percival, as the Count quietly moved away, with his wife, to the door.

"At other times I mean what I say, but at this time I mean what my wife says," replied the impenetrable Italian. "We have changed places, Percival, for once; and Madame Fosco's opinion is—mine."

Sir Percival crumpled up the paper in his hand; and, pushing past the Count, with another oath, stood between him and the door.

"Have your own way," he said, with baffled rage in his low, half-whispering tones. "Have your own way—and see what comes of it." With those words he left the room.

Madame Fosco glanced inquiringly at her husband. "He has gone away very suddenly," she said. "What does it mean?"

"It means that you and I together have brought the worst-tempered man in all England to his senses," answered the Count. "It means, Miss Halcombe, that Lady Glyde is relieved from a gross indignity, and you from the repetition of an unpardonable insult. Suffer me to express my admiration of your conduct and your courage at a very trying moment."

"Sincere admiration," suggested Madame Fosco.

"Sincere admiration," echoed the Count.

I had no longer the strength of my first angry resistance to outrage and injury to support me. My heart-sick anxiety to see Laura, my sense of my own helpless ignorance of what had happened at the boat-house, pressed on me with an intolerable weight. I tried to keep up appearances by speaking to the Count and his wife in the tone which they had chosen to adopt in speaking to me. But the words failed on my lips—my breath came short and thick—my eyes looked longingly, in silence, at the door. The Count, understanding my anxiety, opened it, went out, and pulled it to after him. At the same time Sir Percival's heavy step descended the stairs. I heard them whispering together outside, while Madame Fosco was assuring me, in her calmest and most conventional manner, that she rejoiced, for all our sakes, that Sir Percival's conduct had not obliged her husband and herself to leave Blackwater Park. Before she had done speaking the whispering ceased, the door opened, and the Count looked in.

"Miss Halcombe," he said, "I am happy to inform you that Lady Glyde is mistress again in her own house. I thought it might be more agreeable to you to hear of this change for the better from *me* than from Sir Percival—and I have therefore expressly returned to mention it."

"Admirable delicacy!" said Madame Fosco, paying back her husband's tribute of admiration with the Count's own coin, in the Count's own manner. He smiled and bowed as if he had received a formal compliment from a polite stranger, and drew back to let me pass out first.

Sir Percival was standing in the hall. As I hurried to the stairs I heard him call impatiently to the Count to come out of the library.

"What are you waiting there for?" he said; "I want to speak to you."

"And I want to think a little by myself," replied the other. "Wait till later, Percival—wait till later."

Neither he nor his friend said any more. I gained the top of the stairs, and ran along the passage. In my haste and my agitation I left the door of the ante-chamber open—but I closed the door of the bedroom the moment I was inside it.

Laura was sitting alone at the far end of the room; her arms resting wearily on a table, and her face hidden in her hands. She started up, with a cry of delight, when she saw me.

"How did you get here?" she asked. "Who gave you leave? Not Sir Percival?"

In my overpowering anxiety to hear what she had to tell me I could not answer her—I could only put questions, on my side. Laura's eagerness to know what had passed down stairs proved, however, too strong to be resisted. She persistently repeated her inquiries.

"The Count, of course!" I answered, impatiently. "Whose influence in the house—?"

She stopped me with a gesture of disgust.

"Don't speak of him," she cried. "The Count is the vilest creature breathing! The Count is a miserable Spy—!"

Before we could either of us say another word we were alarmed by a soft knocking at the door of the bedroom.

I had not yet sat down; and I went first to see who it was. When I opened the door, Madame Fosco confronted me with my handkerchief in her hand.

"You dropped this down stairs, Miss Halcombe," she said, "and I thought I could bring it to you as I was passing by to my own room."

Her face, naturally pale, had turned to such a ghastly whiteness that I started at the sight of it. Her hands, so sure and steady at all other times, trembled violently; and her eyes looked wolfishly past me through the open door, and fixed on Laura.

She had been listening before she knocked! I saw it in her white face; I saw it in her trembling hands; I saw it in her look at Laura.

After waiting an instant she turned from me in silence, and slowly walked away.

I closed the door again. "Oh, Laura! Laura! we shall both rue the day when you spoke those words!"

"You would have spoken them yourself, Marian, if you had known what I know. Anne Catherick was right. There *was* a third person watching us in the plantation yesterday; and that third person—"

"Are you sure it was the Count?"

"I am absolutely certain. He was Sir Percival's spy—he was Sir Percival's informer—he set Sir Percival watching and waiting, all the morning thro', for Anne Catherick and for me."

"Is Anne found? Did you see her at the lake?"

"No. She has saved herself by keeping away from the place. When I got to the boat-house no one was there."

"Yes? yes?"

"I went in and sat waiting for a few minutes. But my restlessness made me get up again to walk about a little. As I passed out I saw some marks on the sand close under the front of the boat-house. I stooped down to examine them, and discovered a word written in large letters on the sand. The word was—LOOK."

"And you scraped away the sand and dug a hollow place in it?"

"How do you know that, Marian?"

"I saw the hollow-place myself when I followed you to the boat-house. Go on—go on!"

"Yes; I scraped away the sand on the surface; and in a little while I came to a strip of paper hidden beneath, which had writing on it. The writing was signed with Anne Catherick's initials."

"Where is it?"

"Sir Percival has taken it from me."

"Can you remember what the writing was? Do you think you can repeat it to me."

"In substance I can, Marian. It was very short. You would have remembered it word for word."

"Try to tell me what the substance was before we go any further."

She complied. I write the lines down here exactly as she repeated them to me. They ran thus:

"I was seen with you yesterday by a tall, stout old man, and had to run to save myself. He was not quick enough on his feet to follow me, and he lost me among the trees. I dare not risk coming back here to-day at the same time. I write this, and hide it in the sand, at six in the morning, to tell you so. When we speak next of your wicked husband's Secret we must speak safely, or not at all. Try to have patience. I promise you shall see me again; and that soon.—A. C."

The reference to the "tall, stout old man" (the terms of which Laura was certain that she had repeated to me correctly), left no doubt as to who the intruder had been. I called to mind that I had told Sir Percival, in the Count's presence, the day before, that Laura had gone to the boat-house to look for her brooch. In all probability he had followed her there, in his officious way, to relieve her mind about the matter of the signature, immediately after he had mentioned the change in Sir Percival's plans to me in the drawing-room. In this case he could only have got to the neighborhood of the boat-house at the very moment when Anne Catherick discovered him. The suspiciously hurried manner in which she parted from Laura had no doubt prompted his useless attempt to follow her. Of the conversation which had previously taken place between them he could have heard nothing. The distance between the house and the lake, and the time at which he left me in the drawing-room, as compared with the time at which Laura and Anne Catherick had been speaking together, proved that fact to us, at any rate, beyond a doubt.

Having arrived at something like a conclusion so far, my next great interest was to know what discoveries Sir Percival had made after Count Fosco had given him his information.

"How came you to lose possession of the letter?" I asked. "What did you do with it when you found it in the sand?"

"After reading it once through," she replied, "I took it into the boat-house with me, to sit down, and look it over a second time. While I was reading a shadow fell across the paper. I looked up, and saw Sir Percival standing in the door-way watching me."

"Did you try to hide the letter?"

"I tried—but he stopped me. 'You needn't trouble to hide that,' he said. 'I happen to have read it.' I could only look at him helplessly—I could say nothing. 'You understand?' he went on; 'I have read it. I dug it up out

"I SAW ON ONE THORNY BRANCH SOME FRAGMENTS OF FRINGE FROM A WOMAN'S SHAWL."

of the sand two hours since, and buried it again, and wrote the word above it again, and left it ready to your hands. You can't lie yourself out of the scrape now. You saw Anne Catherick in secret yesterday; and you have got her letter in your hand at this moment. I have not caught *her* yet; but I have caught *you*. Give me the letter.' He stepped close up to me—I was alone with him, Marian—what could I do?—I gave him the letter."

"What did he say when you gave it to him?"

"At first he said nothing. He took me by the arm, and led me out of the boat-house, and looked about him on all sides, as if he was afraid of our being seen or heard. Then he clasped his hand fast round my arm, and whispered to me—'What did Anne Catherick say to you yesterday?—I insist on hearing every word, from first to last.'"

"Did you tell him?"

"I was alone with him, Marian—his cruel hand was bruising my arm—what could I do?"

"Is the mark on your arm still? Let me see it."

"Why do you want to see it?"

"I want to see it, Laura, because our endurance must end, and our resistance must begin, to-day. That mark is a weapon to strike him with. Let me see it now—I may have to swear to it at some future time."

"Oh, Marian, don't look so! don't talk so! It doesn't hurt me now!"

"Let me see it!"

She showed me the marks. I was past grieving over them, past crying over them, past shuddering over them. They say we are either better than men, or worse. If the temptation that has fallen in some women's way, and made them worse, had fallen in mine at that moment—Thank God! my face betrayed nothing that his wife could read. The gentle, innocent, affectionate creature thought I was frightened for her and sorry for her—and thought no more.

"Don't think too seriously of it, Marian," she said, simply, as she pulled her sleeve down again. "It doesn't hurt me now."

"I will try to think quietly of it, my love, for your sake. Well! well! And you told him all that Anne Catherick had said to you—all that you told me?"

"Yes, all. He insisted on it—I was alone with him—I could conceal nothing."

"Did he say any thing when you had done?"

"He looked at me, and laughed to himself, in a mocking, bitter way. 'I mean to have the rest out of you,' he said; 'do you hear?—the rest.' I declared to him solemnly that I had told him every thing I knew. 'Not you!' he answered; 'you know more than you choose to tell. Won't you tell it? You shall! I'll wring it out of you at home if I can't wring it out of you here.' He led me away by a strange path through the plantation—a path where there was no hope of our meeting *you*—and he spoke no more till we came within sight of the house. Then he stopped again, and said, 'Will you take a second chance if I give it to you? Will you think better of it, and tell me the rest?' I could only repeat the same words I had spoken before. He cursed my obstinacy, and went on, and took me with him to the house. 'You can't deceive me,' he said; 'you know more than you choose to tell. I'll have your secret out of you; and I'll have it out of that sister of yours as well. There shall be no more plotting and whispering between you. Neither you nor she shall see each other again till you have confessed the truth. I'll have you watched morning, noon, and night till you confess the truth.' He was deaf to every thing I could say. He took me straight up stairs into my own room. Fanny was sitting there doing some work for me, and he instantly ordered her out. 'I'll take good care *you're* not mixed up in the conspiracy,' he said. 'You shall leave this house to-day. If your mistress wants a maid she shall have one of my choosing.' He pushed me into the room and locked the door on me—he set that senseless woman to watch me outside—Marian! he looked and spoke like a madman. You may hardly understand it—he did indeed."

"I do understand it, Laura. He *is* mad—mad with the terrors of a guilty conscience. Every word you have said makes me positively certain that when Anne Catherick left you yesterday you were on the eve of discovering a secret which might have been your vile husband's ruin—and he thinks you *have* discovered it. Nothing you can say or do will quiet that guilty distrust, and convince his false nature of your truth. I don't say this, my love, to alarm you. I say it to open your eyes to your position, and to convince you of the urgent necessity of letting me act as I best can for your protection while the chance is our own. Count Fosco's interference has secured me access to you to-day; but he may withdraw that interference to-morrow. Sir Percival has already dismissed Fanny, because she is a quick-witted girl and devotedly attached to you, and has chosen a woman to take her place who cares nothing for your interests, and whose dull intelligence lowers her to the level of the watch-dog in the yard. It is impossible to say what violent measures he may take next, unless we make the most of our opportunities while we have them."

"What can we do, Marian? Oh, if we could only leave this house, never to see it again?"

"Listen to me, my love—and try to think that you are not quite helpless so long as I am here with you."

"I will think so—I do think so. Don't altogether forget poor Fanny in thinking of me. She wants help and comfort too."

"I will not forget her. I saw her before I came up here, and I have arranged to communicate with her to-night. Letters are not safe in the post-bag at Blackwater Park—and I shall have two to write to-day, in your interests, which must pass through no hands but Fanny's."

"What letters?"

"I mean to write first, Laura, to Mr. Gilmore's partner, who has offered to help us in any fresh emergency. Little as I know of the law, I am certain that it can protect a woman from such treatment as that ruffian has inflicted on you to-day. I will go into no details about Anne Catherick, because I have no certain information to give. But the lawyer shall know of those bruises on your arm, and of the violence offered to you in this room—he shall, before I rest to-night!"

"But think of the exposure, Marian!"

"I am calculating on the exposure. Sir Percival has more to dread from it than you have. The prospect of an exposure may bring him to terms when nothing else will."

I rose as I spoke, but Laura entreated me not to leave her.

"You will drive him to desperation," she said, "and increase our dangers ten-fold."

I felt the truth—the disheartening truth—of those words. But I could not bring myself plainly to acknowledge it to her. In our dreadful position there was no help and no hope for us but in risking the worst. I said so in guarded terms. She sighed bitterly—but did not contest the matter. She only asked about the second letter that I had proposed writing. To whom was it to be addressed?

"To Mr. Fairlie," I said. "Your uncle is your nearest male relative, and the head of the family. He must and shall interfere."

Laura shook her head sorrowfully.

"Yes, yes," I went on; "your uncle is a weak, selfish, worldly man, I know. But he is not Sir Percival Glyde, and he has no such friend about him as Count Fosco. I expect nothing from his kindness, or his tenderness of feeling toward you, or toward me. But he will do any thing to pamper his own indolence, and to secure his own quiet. Let me only persuade him that his interference at this moment will save him inevitable trouble, and wretchedness, and responsibility hereafter, and he will bestir himself for his own sake. I know how to deal with him, Laura—I have had some practice."

"If you could only prevail on him to let me go back to Limmeridge for a little while, and stay there quietly with you, Marian, I would be almost as happy again as I was before I was married!"

Those words set me thinking in a new direction. Would it be possible to place Sir Percival between the two alternatives of either exposing himself to the scandal of legal interference on his wife's behalf, or of allowing her to be quietly separated from him for a time, under pretext of a visit to her uncle's house? And could he, in that case, be reckoned on as likely to accept the last resource? It was doubtful—more than doubtful. And yet, hopeless as the experiment seemed, surely it was worth trying. I resolved to try it, in sheer despair of knowing what better to do.

"Your uncle shall know the wish you have just expressed," I said; "and I will ask the lawyer's advice on the subject as well. Good may come of it—and will come of it, I hope."

Saying that, I rose again; and again Laura tried to make me resume my seat.

"Don't leave me," she said, uneasily "My desk is on that table. You can write here."

It tried me to the quick to refuse her, even in her own interests. But we had been too long shut up alone together already. Our chance of seeing each other again might entirely depend on our not exciting any fresh suspicions. It was full time to show myself, quietly and unconcernedly among the wretches who were, at that very moment, perhaps, thinking of us and talking of us down stairs. I explained the miserable necessity to Laura, and prevailed on her to recognize it, as I did.

"I will come back again, love, in an hour or less," I said. "The worst is over for to-day. Keep yourself quiet, and fear nothing."

"Is the key in the door, Marian? Can I lock it on the inside?"

"Yes; here is the key. Lock the door, and open it to nobody until I come up stairs again."

I kissed her, and left her. It was a relief to me, as I walked away, to hear the key turned in the lock, and to know that the door was at her own command.

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

On Monday, March 19, in the Senate, a bill was passed fixing the postage on drop-letters at one cent, instead of two, and authorizing publishers to print on their papers the date when subscriptions expire. A resolution calling for information relative to the Indian massacre at Mountain Meadow, in Utah, and as to the present condition of the survivors, was adopted. A resolution having reference to the reception of the Japan Embassy was adopted. The Homestead Bill, and the bill carrying into effect the ninth article of our treaty with Spain, were debated.——In the House, a bill authorizing a loan of $20,000,000 for the redemption of Treasury notes, and increasing the duties on imports, and the Light-house and Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bills, were reported from the Ways and Means Committee. A bill repealing the act providing for the Willett's Point fortification was introduced. Several amendments to the rules of the House were adopted. On a motion to take up the Military Academy Appropriation Bill, in order to act on the amendment providing for a regiment of mounted volunteers on the Rio Grande, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, delivered a speech on our relations with Mexico.

On Tuesday, March 20, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted directing inquiry as to the expediency of extinguishing the Indian title to land in and about Pike's Peak. A joint resolution that Congress adjourn from April 20 to May 20 was proposed, but objected to and laid aside. Several resolutions having reference to the suppression of the African slave-trade were introduced by Senator Wilson. The bill providing for the payment of the claims of Florida was discussed. An executive session was held, and a motion made to reconsider the vote whereby the Nicaragua treaty was rejected. Considerable discussion ensued, but the Senate adjourned without taking the question.——In the House, the Military Academy Appropriation Bill, with the amendment providing for a mounted regiment of volunteers for the defense of the frontier of Texas, was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. A bill authorizing the President to call into service a regiment of volunteers for the suppression of hostilities in New Mexico was similarly referred. The recommendation of the Committee on Elections, allowing Messrs. Sickles and Williamson sixty days to take testimony in support of their allegations, was debated till the adjournment.

On Wednesday, March 21, in the Senate, the House bill providing for the protection of female passengers on board emigrant ships was passed. A resolution calling on the President to inform the Senate if any instructions have been given to our naval officers by which the United States naval forces were to take part in the civil war in Mexico, and by what authority the Mexican war steamers were recently captured, was adopted. The President was also called upon to communicate the correspondence that has taken place with reference to the difficulties between the judicial functionaries of Utah Territory. The bill to reduce the price of the public printing, and to regulate the charges for binding, etc., was taken up. The bill was amended so as to reduce the charges for printing twenty-five per cent. below the present rates, the reduction to apply to all the public printing executed during the present session of Congress, except Post-office blanks; also that the binding shall be done by binders elected by Congress, and in that shape the bill passed. The Florida Claims bill was debated, and its further consideration postponed till the 16th of April.——In the House, a resolution was proposed calling for information relative to the capture of the Mexican war steamers in the Gulf, but its introduction was objected to. The resolution of the Committee on Elections, allowing Messrs. Sickles and Williamson time to take testimony respecting the allegations relative to the election in this city, was adopted.

On Thursday, March 22, in the Senate, the bill to establish mail routes in Kansas Territory, was passed. A resolution was adopted calling for information relative to the expulsion of a naturalized citizen of the United States from Prussia, in 1857. A bill providing that persons, by indorsing their names on letters sent by mail, can have them returned free of postage, when undelivered, was passed. The Pacific Railroad bill and amendments thereto were ordered to be printed. The Homestead bill was then taken up. A motion was made to substitute the House for the Senate bill, and the Committee on Public Lands reported in favor of the Senate bill. An interesting debate ensued, in which Senators Clingman, Hale, and Wigfall took part. The discussion took a wide range, embracing, among other subjects, the New England strikers and the relations between the North and the South.——In the House the Senate's amendment to the bill providing for the protection of female emigrants on shipboard was agreed to, and the bill passed.

On Friday, March 23, in both Senate and House nothing of importance transpired, both houses being engaged upon the private calendars.

### MR. BATES'S POSITION.

The Hon. Edward Bates has addressed a letter to the Missouri delegates to the Chicago Convention, in reply to interrogatories propounded to him by them. The main points of it are as follows: He has no new opinions upon the subject of the extension of slavery, and has formed none with reference to the present array of parties. He is coeval with the Missouri question of 1820; he formed his opinions then, and has not changed them since. At the time of the Revolution and long after, slavery was regarded as an evil, but temporary in its nature, and likely to disappear in the course of time. Yet while it continued it was a misfortune to the country socially and politically. Slavery is a social relation—a domestic institution. It exists by local law. The Federal Government has no control over it in the States, but the Territories are subject and subordinate to the Government—they not being supreme like the States. The nation is supreme over them. He is opposed to the extension of slavery, and in his opinion the policy and spirit of the Government ought to be against its extension. The Constitution does not carry slavery into the Territories, nor any where. It only acts upon it where it is established by local law. The Dred Scott decision only decides that Dred Scott was not a citizen, and the opinions of the Judges beyond this are extra-judicial, and of no authority. The questions discussed by them were political, and not within their cognizance, and belong and could be disposed of only by the political departments. The discussion was most unfortunate, as it produced a dangerous conflict between the co-ordinate branches of the Government. He favors the colonization of the free blacks in the American tropics, the Homestead Bill, the immediate admission of Kansas, a perfect equality of rights among citizens, and the construction of the Pacific Railroad, under the auspices of the Government. He is gratified that his name has only been used in a spirit of harmony and peace, and to prevent division and controversy among those who ought to be united. He has neither sought nor held any political office for twenty-five years, and is satisfied with the honors already paid him by the public.

### HOW THE DEMOCRATS WILL FARE AT CHARLESTON.

The *Herald's* correspondent says:

"Every day produces some new evidence from Charleston that the landlords of the hotels and boarding-houses are going to charge the most extravagant prices for quarters during the session of the Democratic National Convention. A Member of Congress received a letter a day or two since, in reply to an application for quarters, stating that he could have a room, provided he would agree to pay the enormous price of ten or twelve dollars for it from the 15th of April, eight days before the Convention meets. He declined taking it. Another gentleman showed me a letter to-day, which he received from a citizen of Charleston to whom he applied for rooms, with board for himself, wife, and son, informing him as follows:

"'I went to the principal hotels to see what I could do for you, but all refused positively to have any ladies in the house, as, in each hotel, drawing-rooms, parlors, and halls will be packed with beds and cots, and each occupant will be charged ten dollars per day. I next went to all the private boarding-houses, and found them all engaged. Next I went to several private houses, and at last I induced a lady to say she would accommodate you if you and your wife will take a bed-room and let Charlie sleep in the parlor on a sofa. She will charge you eighteen dollars per day for the three. I assure you you can not do better if you wish to come. I have never seen such an exciting time here as there is about the Convention. I board at the —— House, but had to give up my room last week until the 1st of May, for the landlord told us all that we must pay during April fifty dollars per week, and then allow him to put some one else in our room. This I could not afford, and went to a friend's house, and now find I must change again, and God only knows where I shall go. The reason why board will be so enormous is that every thing in market is very high. Beef now sells for fifty cents per pound, and every thing is in that proportion.'"

### WHAT THE CHARLESTON PEOPLE THINK.

The Charleston *Mercury* of the 16th says: "An intense excitement prevailed in the city yesterday, on the publication of our second Washington dispatch, which in some measure cast a doubt over the meeting of the Convention. Arrangements which had been in rapid progress were suspended in many instances, and in others faintly carried on. It is, in our opinion, but the pretext seized by the friends of Mr. Douglas to transfer the Convention, if possible, to some city where they will be in the ascendant. This movement commenced many months since, when they prated of the danger to be apprehended from personal violence in Charleston. This is, however, their last card, and this will fail. Mr. Douglas's friends see plainly that a Convention in Charleston will preserve a Southern aspect, and can not be brow-beaten or bullied. The six hundred and fifty gentlemen who compose the Convention will be taken good care of, and the preference given them. About one hundred have already been invited to accept the hospitalities of our citizens, and many more undoubtedly will be. But the myriad hangers-on, who are not admitted to the floor of the Convention, must take their chances for feed and sleep. It is greatly to be desired that their number may be reduced to as small a figure as possible. The Convention will meet in Charleston; but if Mr. Douglas and his friends desire a Northern Convention let them call one."

The Charleston *Courier* of the 15th says: "Our leading landlords, as we have already stated, have been diligent and active in making preparations, at largely increased expenses to themselves. They now assure us, positively and authoritatively, that five dollars per day for board will be the maximum of charge to or for any delegate or member of the Convention. Accommodations have already been secured for over three hundred delegates, on terms, we are assured, satisfactory to the parties interested; but our landlords do not consider themselves able or obligated to tender the same assurances for an unlimited number of visitors, or for any not officially connected with the Convention."

### THE "E. A. JOHNSON" MYSTERY.

The account of this strange affair will be found on another page. The police are now in a fair way to capture the suspected murderer of the crew of the oyster-sloop *E. A. Johnson*. It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that one of the crew, named William Johnson, has been seen alive in this city since the discovery of the murders, and the police very naturally suspect him to be the assassin. Johnson started for Stonington on Wednesday evening, taking with him his wife and child. He had a large amount of money in his possession when he left, and was quite lavish in his expenditures during his stay in this city. The police have gone in pursuit of the fugitive, and the fact of his arrest is looked for hourly.

### MRS. BRENNAN TURNED UP.

A private letter from Florence states that Mrs. Brennan, whose disappearance from Staten Island caused so much excitement some fifteen months ago, and who was supposed to have been murdered, is now in Italy, and was recently for a short time in Florence. By whom she was accompanied we are not informed, but she is thought not to have been alone. She was seen and recognized there by persons who knew her perfectly. This would seem to set entirely at rest the story of her murder, which has for some time past been supposed to be without foundation in fact.

### AMERICAN SAILORS BROUGHT HOME FOR TRIAL.

The two mates of the American bark *Anna* arrived at this port last week in the steamship *Fulton*, having been sent home by the American Consul at Southampton for trial, on the charge of killing six of the crew of the bark by a course of cruelty so revolting as to appear almost incredible. They were committed to prison for examination.

### FUNERAL OF STEVENS AND HAZLETT.

The remains of Stevens and Hazlett were brought to Eaglewood, New Jersey, for interment. The execution took place on Friday. The remains were forwarded by express, and reached Rahway on Saturday, when they were taken at once to Eaglewood. The coffins were opened, but the bodies were not submitted to the care of an undertaker. The features were scarcely recognizable, and they were not shown either to the intimate friends of the deceased or at the funeral. Attached to the button-hole of Stevens's coat by red and blue ribbons, was a plain black India-rubber ring, but for whom it was intended his friends were not informed. His betrothed accompanied his remains from Charlestown, and was joined at Eaglewood by his father and sister.

### MRS. STANTON BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

Monday afternoon, writes the Albany correspondent of the *Post*, beheld the Chamber full of ladies, come to hear Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton address the Senate and Assembly Committees of the Legislature on the subject of extending the elective franchise to women. It gave one some idea of how Legislative halls will appear after the boon shall be conceded—when women shall vote and be voted for. Seats, lobbies, and galleries were thronged. Senator Hammond, of the Senate Committee, opened the solemnities by inviting any person who chose to address the Committee, and Mrs. Stanton, escorted by the Rev. Mr. Mayo, ascended the desk. A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes: "Last evening, or yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Stanton spoke for two hours in advocacy of these doctrines, before the House Judiciary Committee, and an audience that filled the Assembly Chamber as I never saw it filled, except when Seward was elected Senator in '55. Then it was jammed; yesterday it was simply full. Mrs. Stanton talked forcibly—it is needless for me to say that she talked earnestly, of woman's sufferings, sweetly of her endurance, eloquently of her rights. When she talked of her right to be protected in the enjoyment of her property, of her right to be released from the bondage of an ill-assorted marriage, she was listened to with marked favor. She pleaded these demands with the feeling of a true woman, and she carried the conviction that she was not asking more than policy as well as justice demanded should be conceded. When she claimed that her voice should be heard on the hustings, and her vote be received at the ballot-box, she was earnest, and eloquent, and plausible, but she must have felt that she was not convincing her audience—and she did not."

### HYATT IN JAIL.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes that the case of Hyatt is exciting much attention. Senators and members of the House are among his numerous visitors. The jailer has relaxed the rules, which are rigorously enforced against the other prisoners, whether rich or poor, which are, that they shall receive no visitors except members of their immediate family and their physician. Mr. Hyatt's room is quite large, with a high ceiling, a very large window grated with iron bars, from which all view of the city is excluded by heavy wooden blinds, which can neither be opened nor removed. When Mr. H. was placed in the room, it was bare of all furniture. Government has supplied him with nothing. The room now contains a bed, three chairs, a walnut table, a few tin and earthen dishes, a wash-stand and fixtures. The brick floor is covered with cement, except in large spots where this is broken away. The walls and ceiling are whitewashed, and the room is scrupulously clean. All the furniture of the room has been supplied at the cost of the prisoner, as will be all the additions made to his accommodations.

Mr. Hyatt appears not at all downcast by his imprisonment. He declares his determination to maintain the position he has assumed, because he believes it to be right, and because he believes it would be wrong to accede to the demands of the Senate. Not that he desires to conceal any thing, for he has asserted that, whenever the Senate will recede from the compulsory process, he will volunteer to answer any questions which they may ask. His position is this: He denies the right of the Senate to coerce witnesses, either as to attendance or as to testimony. He has nothing which he desires to conceal, but he declares it his intention to test the power of the Senate. He can suffer as long as they can inflict punishment. It has resolved itself into a question of endurance.

Mr. Hyatt has sent for his library and his maps, has made arrangements for furnishing his rooms comfortably, and will make himself as contented as possible, with a view to a stay of years. He has written to his brother to conduct his affairs as though he were dead. He speaks of his intention of employing his time in study; but he is now engaged in preparing a pamphlet containing his reasons for taking the course he has, containing the debate upon his case, the argument of his counsel, and his comments and conclusions upon the whole subject. This pamphlet will be published in two editions: the one printed in all the luxury of fine paper and large type, illustrated with the finest lithographs procurable in this country of Senators Sumner and Hale, his defenders in the Senate; the other in a cheap form—both to be distributed at cost.

### ATTEMPT TO POISON A FAMILY.

A telegram from Meloy's Station, dated March 17, says: "Daniel Hayden, a resident of this county, was arrested by a State warrant at this place to-day at noon, charged with an attempt to poison one Ashworth and

family, also residents of this county. The attempt was made about a year ago by putting red precipitate, corrosive sublimate, and arsenic into some corn meal, which luckily, however, was not taken by the family owing to the peculiar stench the mixture created. Hayden was not suspected of perpetrating the act until a few days since, when, in a state of intoxication, he disclosed the affair to some persons living here, threatening, at the same time, that if they divulged the secret he would kill them. A former wife of Ashworth died a month previous to the happening of the above, and experienced physicians gave it as their opinion that she was poisoned. A deep malice has existed between the parties for years. The prisoner will be immediately examined.

### PERSONAL.

A New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says: "Moses H. Grinnell, a leading partner for a number of years in the house of Grinnell, Minturn, & Co., will soon withdraw from the concern, and return with his family to Europe to spend considerable time. Mr. Grinnell has sold his splendid residence at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The house of Grinnell, Minturn, & Co. will retain its old name, as Mr. Robert B. Minturn, his son, and a son of Moses H. Grinnell, will continue to be partners in it. Henry Grinnell has not been connected with the house for several years, and none of his sons were ever partners in the concern." The charities of this city, and the benevolent institutions of the State at large, can ill spare Moses Grinnell.

Captain Judkins, one of the Cunard captains, was recently in Paris with his wife, and was treated with particular courtesy by Louis Napoleon, who was once a passenger on the *Cambria*.

General Garibaldi has received a present from the Americans of New York, consisting of a handsome gun, which will fire thirty shots without being reloaded.

Again the foreign journals announce that Miss Hinckley, of Albany, the American prima donna, has had a new success in Amsterdam. The *Argus* says she sang in the opera of "Linda" in presence of the Queen of Holland, who came and took her by the hand, and thanked her for the great pleasure afforded by her singing. Her Majesty has spoken of the young vocalist very often since, and says that she has been dreaming of her ever since—"she looked so pretty." Miss Hinckley has had several offers to sing in Italy and France. At Utrecht, she sang at a concert, and the house was completely filled with students. After the concert she was serenaded by the students, who came in a torch-light procession, and the lady was called out upon the balcony of her hotel, and saluted with huzzas and fire-works. A banquet was also prepared in her honor. At Rotterdam, also, her success was brilliant.

Zadock Pratt performed the journey from San Francisco to St. Louis without stopping at any one time for more than half an hour, the whole occupying 19 days, with 150 relays of four, five, and six horses or mules to the team, about half being mules. This is a wonderful feat for a man nearly seventy years of age. There was a conductor and a driver, both armed to the teeth. In some places they carried water 16 miles, and then drove 40 miles without water.

Peter G. Washington, in explanation of the cause of the death of the Hon. David A. Bokee in Washington, thus testified before the Coroner's jury:

"He very seldom complained of sickness. Meeting him casually at the door of the hotel about two o'clock yesterday, witness remarked to him that he looked unwell. His reply was that he felt sick at his stomach. Witness advised him to take a couple of blue pills early in the evening and a bottle of Congress water in the morning, and to continue the taking of the Congress water for a week. He stated that he would do so. Witness afterward saw him for the last time about four o'clock."

The United States steam frigate *Brooklyn* left Hampton Roads on the 15th inst. with the Hon. Robert M'Lane, Minister to Mexico, and Colonel J. T. Pickett, Consul at Vera Cruz, on board. She will proceed at once to Vera Cruz for the purpose of securing protection to the lives and interests of our citizens there during the threatened attack on that place by Miramon.

A correspondent of the Albany *Argus*, writing from Chicago, under date of March 16, says: "I heard this morning that Mr. Burch had withdrawn his suit for divorce."

Margaret Dillon, an Irish domestic, was looking at the Pemberton Mill when it fell. She was so completely paralyzed that from that moment she lost the power of speech, and though she has attended to her work regularly since, she has not uttered a word!

Mr. Charles J. Faulkner, the new American Minister at Paris, has taken a suit of rooms for the summer at the Place de l'Arc de Triumphe, at the extremity of the Champs Elysées.

Barry, the artist, while on a late visit to Boston, came into possession of a white linen table-cloth, woven fifty years ago, by the wife of Robert Burns, and spread on the oaken table in the poet's cottage, on those great occasions when the Edinburgh gentry deigned to honor their protégé's home with their patronizing visits. Late in the evening Mr. B. produced the sacred relic, which, of course, underwent the eager and reverential inspection of the company. Then, at the suggestion of a lady present, it was spread in an upper room; lemons and highland whisky were sent for; a Scotch punch was brewed, and over the table-cloth, hallowed by its associations with the peasant bard, the memory of Burns was drank by all, and Auld Langsyne sung in due and ancient style.

Miss Tennessee Gibson died last week in Arkansas, from the effects of snuff-dipping. She fell asleep with the "mop" in her mouth, and was found a corpse some hours after. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that she had swallowed the juice, which was converted into nicotine, a deadly poison. Her lips, cheek, and breast were smeared with the foul stuff in her dying struggles, alone in her room. Before she retired she felt a deadly sickness, having swallowed some of the juice; but as she had used it so long, nothing was thought of her complaint until it was too late.

Governor Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, has sent a veto message two columns long to the Legislature, giving reasons why he can not sign an act to commute the sentence of Mrs. Anna Bilansky, now under sentence of death in St. Paul, to imprisonment in the State Prison during her natural life. Anna was convicted of the murder of her husband, Stanislaus Bilansky, by poison. The Legislature did not pass the bill over the Governor's veto; consequently Mrs. Bilansky will be hung on the 23d inst.

Madame de Wilhorst of New York recently appeared in opera at Berlin, and did not make a favorable impression, as the Boston *Traveller* says.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### PARLIAMENT—THE SAVOY QUESTION.

IN the House of Commons, March 5, the report on the Customs Act was brought up, and agreed to with a few amendments.

On proceeding to the other orders of the day, Lord Palmerston moved that they be postponed until after the notice of motion given by Mr. Byng for an address to her Majesty, on the subject of the commercial treaty with France.

Mr. Lindsay observed that the terms of that motion were not before the House.

Mr. Kinglake opposed the motion of Lord Palmerston, and called upon the House not to depart from the ordinary mode of proceeding.

Mr. Byng said if it was the opinion of the House that the exact terms of his motion should be previously before it, he would postpone the motion until Thursday.

Lord Palmerston then offered to withdraw his motion.

Objections were raised to the proposed day, and the discussion of this question gradually drew into its area topics of much larger dimensions, the most prominent being the annexation of Savoy to France.

Mr. S. Fitzgerald urged this subject with great earnestness upon the House, and expressed his hope that Parliament would make a solemn protest against that act.

Mr. Bright condemned the terms employed by Mr. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Roebuck inveighed against the Emperor of the French, whom he accused of breach of treaties.

Lord John Russell said that such irritating discussions only sowed suspicion and distrust, and were calculated to bring about a total rupture with a neighboring friendly country. He thought the present was not the time to raise the discussion. Sardinia, the Power most interested, had not spoken on the subject. His opinion was, that the treaty of commerce with France was destined, if approved by Parliament, to draw closer the ties of friendship between the two nations, by giving both an interest in the blessings of peace, which would tend to prevent the great calamity of war.

After some further discussion the motion was withdrawn.

### THE NEW FRENCH TREATY.

In the Commons, on 8th inst., Mr. Byng moved an address to the Crown, approving of the new commercial treaty with France, and promising that Parliament will take the necessary steps to carry it into effect.

Lord A. Vane Tempest moved an amendment, declaring that Parliament declines to express any opinion on the treaty until such time as the final intentions of the Emperor of the French with respect to Savoy are made known.

A general debate took place on the merits of the treaty; after which Lord Vane Tempest withdrew his amendment, and further debate was adjourned to the next day.

Sir H. Carrus, a leading Conservative, said he would support the treaty.

The debate was resumed the following day.

Mr. Horsman moved that the article in the treaty relative to coals be admitted, but it was rejected by 226 majority.

The debate involved the Savoy question and the general relations of England and France. The address was finally agreed to without an amendment and without a division.

### THE PASSENGERS BY THE "HUNGARIAN."

Messrs. Allen and Gillespie, the agents, have forwarded the following list of the passengers, etc., who were on board the *Hungarian*:

*Cabin Passengers*—J. E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer, Rev. James Stewart, Mrs. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. E. Evans, Allan Cameron, W. R. Crocker, J. W. Crocker, Mr. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, Dr. and Mrs. Samaniego, Barry A. B. Cortin, Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Boultenhouse, Mr. Baulton, Mrs. Delano and child, Dr. Barrett, and G. J. Nash, officer in charge of mails.

*Steerage Passengers*—Hugh M'Caffrey, Abraham Tagg, Wm. Vogle, John Richardson, Henry Richardson, T. Allen, Frederick Child, Mrs. F. Child, Frederick Child, Bell Morrison, Richard Madden, Robert Martin, E. D. Bartlett, George Shank, George M'Dermott, John Daly, John Delaney, Wm. Kerley, William Wright, Michael Lucey, Martin Downes, Francis Richardson, Miss Ellen Sheehan, and Patrick M'Guerin.

*Crew*—Sailing Department—W. H. Hardie, 1st officer; Wm. Allan, 2d officer; Richard Porter, 3d officer; William Cain, 4th officer; M. Fielding, boatswain; James Bazley, boatswain's mate; John Bailey, M. M'Pherson, A. Liddle, A. Phillips, J. Shannon, William Quinn, A. M'Millan, Thomas M'Lean, J. Crossthwaite, R. Lutus, David Jones, Thomas Carter, John Ramsden, George Booley, John Bennett, M. Golightly, M'Donald, Edwards, Williams, Ciere, Watt, Greenaway, Merriman, P. Mitchell, A. Boyd, W. Craddock, Gilbert, Johnston, Chorley, M'Cullock, John Brice, seamen; Nelson, Wakes, ordinary seamen; Maxwell, boy. Engineer's Department—W. Stewart, 1st engineer; John M'Kean, 2d engineer; A. Smith, 3d engineer; John Clark, 4th engineer; Hugh M'Gunn, 5th engineer; Isaac Welsh, John Calderwood, H. Russell, H. Lowe, J. Mooney, J. Boyle, W. Holmes, Peter Hanlon, Henry French, John Jones, John Fox, R. M'Nalley, Archibald M'Call, John Jones, John Hamil, William Welsh, Alexander Watson, Rich. M'Donald, Thomas Shaw, William Flannigan, T. Jamerson, Thomas Ritchie, James Allison, Robert Edwards, firemen. Victualing Department—C. M'Donald, first steward; J. M'Kinnon, second steward; Richard Thomas, John Maddon, George Edwards, Alexander Wapshaw, Edward Lennan, Robert Dewar, James Rhodes, Hugh M'Gregor, Thomas Hannah, stewards; Francis Duvoure and George Searisbrook, cooks; William Preston, baker; James Gittins, butcher; J. Longgell, John Brennan, Thomas Kennedy, James Kenard, Edward M'Main, Augustus Caine, Wm. Howarth, Robert Stevenson, Peter M'Crea, stewards; Edward Murphy, William Horrocks, cooks; William Prescott, Richard Jones, Joseph Marriott, stewards; T. S. Green, store-keeper; Dr. Ferguson; T. Robertson, purser; Miss Caughtrie, stewardess; Jones, steward.

The return from the Liverpool emigration agent gives: From Liverpool, crew, 80; cabin passengers, 30; steerage passengers, 40. From Queenstown, cabin passengers, 15; steerage passengers, 40. Total, 205.

### MUSICAL CELEBRITIES.

The London *Era* says: "With regret we announce the attempt at suicide in Paris last week of the celebrated *chef d'orchestre*, M. Jullien, by stabbing. He was making arrangements for some grand performances of sacred music, etc., which were to have commenced on the 8th inst. by a performance of Handel's "Messiah." Several English *artistes* were engaged for the occasion. The concerts have since been postponed, M. Jullien having been placed under restraint."

The Irish papers deny that Mademoiselle Piccolomini has been united in the holy bonds of matrimony since her arrival in Dublin.

### DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

The House of Commons has its conflicts of bad temper and ill manners, one of which is thus hit off by the clever London correspondent of the Liverpool *Albion* in his account of the debate of February 22:

"In Monday's debate there was a plurality of singularities, and few of them commendable. The Bucks mover got up a small momentum, and was certainly ponderous enough for a couple of Lincolnshire squires amalgamated into one. Neither was Gladstone's tartness toward Disraeli of the kind the ex-Ionian Commissioner can look back upon with satisfaction. It had far too large an infusion of Thirsites for so Homeric a connoisseur; and, indeed, is sought to be extenuated on the score of a certain morbid state of mind, arising out of a peculiar mental cause at the moment, as well as an unusually disordered bilious apparatus. The gods have made him vixenish, but not vehement, in the vituperative line. Satire is not his forte; and, if it were, he had better not have courted comparison with one the remembrance of whose performance in that department puts all rivalry so entirely out of the range of possibility, that the performer himself has disdained these fourteen years even to evoke the memory of his prowess by exercising it now on baser game than he then struck down. The eagle-slayer wars not on barn-door poultry, though he may occasionally give homely cocks a tap on the comb when their crowing becomes headacheishly obstreperous. Thus it was last night. While speaking he was interrupted several times by Gladstone, upon whom at last the Caucasian turned that Peeleitic orb of his which had calcined the Sublime of Mediocrity into the essence of what is within one step of sublimity; and, dropping a sneer at the 'running commentary' and 'peculiar temperament' of the right hon. gentleman, 'who had quarreled with his old friend the Pope, as he had with all his old friends in turn,' was annoyed no more. As if stung by a particularly lively puff adder, Gladstone at first recoiled, and then coiled himself up, so palpably festering to the quick that not only did he not smile when Benjamin quizzically affected dislike of office because of its injury to the nerves, but he didn't even try to smile when all the House laughed aloud at the Tiverton joker's reference to the Disraelian nervous system.

### PALMERSTON AT BAY.

"Perhaps, however, his non-participation in the hilarity awakened by his chief, in this instance, was nothing particular. He seems terribly troubled by the pranks of the aged audacity; and nothing is more probable than that some fine morning he may throw up office because of his fastidiousness concerning the political morality of the great bishop-maker. Thus take the occurrence of Monday night. Rising after Horsman, whom he called his 'right honorable friend' with an interminable iteration whose significance it was impossible to mistake, the Premier proceeded to pervert the whole drift and scope, spirit and letter, of what the member for Stroud had just uttered. This was shocking enough, even admitting the reality of the pretended badinage accompanying it. The Opposition clamored out its reprobation of such proceeding, and called aloud for Horsman, who repeatedly stood up, but had to sit down again. In no way abashed, the Premier went on. Louder rose the uproar, but yet, and bullying more loud, rose the swaggering tone and truculent bearing of the Minister, not a word of whose utterance could be heard in the din. Then reverberated such exclamations as never yet smote mortal ear in that building; and that they did so now would seem to be the knell of the tradition about the 'first assemblage of gentlemen in the world.' Will it be, can it be, credited that there were shouts of 'Shame, shame!' directed against the Chief Adviser of the Crown and leader of the House of Commons, far the most experienced of all living members in the ways and forms of Parliament, for refusing the most ordinary courtesy, one denied in no place on earth wherever the semblance of discussion is observed? Yet so it was. At last he was forced into a momentary pause, during which Horsman got up [Palmerston standing all the while], and, in the most deliberate and emphatic manner, pronounced, 'I never uttered one single word of what the noble Lord says I did.' Of course the 'noble Lord' immediately apologized, expressed his regret, sorry to misunderstand right honorable friend, etc. Of course he did nothing of the sort; if he were the kind of individual to do so, would he be what he is, where he is, and how he is there? Without one instant's hesitation, he gave the lie as promptly as he had received it, declaring that he 'reaffirmed what he had said,' that he didn't pretend to a better memory than other people, but couldn't be mistaken about his right honorable friend's expressions; and on he went, just as though there had been no interruption whatever, and that he were doing exactly as became his years, his position, his responsibility to his countrymen, and his respect for himself."

### ANOTHER DICKENS IN LUCK.

According to the London correspondent of the Leeds *Mercury*, young Charles Dickens, the son of the great Charles, is going out to India to manage an Indian agency for the firm of Baring Brothers, in which, says the correspondent, he has long held a responsible post, having been initiated into the mysteries of the merchant's craft by them. He has also another great friend in the financial world—Miss Burdett Coutts—who will back him, it is said, in any *per se* undertakings which he may think it wise to undertake. So, without much speculation, we may anticipate living, perhaps, to see the great house of Dickens as famous in commerce as it is in literature. Doubtless his father could, if willing, add to his store, for current report says he has made £70,000 in the last ten years.

### THE LAST ELOPEMENT.

The Court *Circular* reports another Belgravian elopement. A young lady eloped with her guardian's under butler on St. Valentine's Day, and nothing was heard of their whereabouts until the 18th, when a letter, containing a marriage certificate, was received by Mr. W., informing him that the ceremony had been performed at a well-known church in the aristocratic neighborhood of Wapping. The lady, on coming of age, is entitled to £10,000.

## FRANCE.

### THE SAVOY QUESTION.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says it was thought likely that as soon as universal suffrage in Tuscany declares for annexation to Piedmont, the Savoyards will have a French army on the spot.

The Paris *Patrie* believes itself in a position to state that, in the question of Savoy, Sardinia shows such conciliatory intentions as might be expected from a country which owes its aggrandizement to France.

It was reported that since Sardinia rejected Napoleon's programme for Italy, the French troops have received orders to be ready to march at the first notice, and that the evacuation of Lombardy and return of the army to France are threatened.

Lord John Russell had stated in the House of Commons that Austria and Prussia concurred in the views of England. Russia had not yet replied.

Sardinia had consented to the inhabitants of Savoy voting on the subject.

## ITALY.

### WILL SARDINIA GIVE UP SAVOY?

The *Opinione* of March 8 publishes Count Cavour's dispatch of the 2d relative to Savoy and Nice. He declares that the aggrandizement of Sardinia can never prove dangerous to France; but considering the obligations that Sardinia is under to France, serious attention must be given to the Emperor's demands. At the moment when Sardinia demands for the inhabitants of Central Italy the right to dispose of their destiny, she exposes herself to the charge of inconsistency if she denies the right of freely expressing their wishes to her subjects dwelling on the other side of the Alps. However great the regret would be at the cradle of the Piedmontese monarchs demanding a separation, Sardinia would not refuse to recognize the weight of a manifestation, however slight, if made in conformity with the prescriptions of Parliament. In regard to the opposition of the great Powers, Cavour thinks that the desire for proper frontiers of France and Sardinia will insure just and equitable negotiations on this head.

### COUNT CAVOUR ON VENETIA.

The *Opinione* of Turin publishes in French the following circular by Count Cavour on Count von Bissengen's circular to the Venetian delegations:

"*To the King's Legations at Paris, London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.*

"MILAN, *February* 20, 1860.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE.—I hasten to direct your attention to the annexed document, which a journal of this city has just published. Some time ago Austria gave a contradiction, through her official journals, to the rumor that the state of siege had been proclaimed in Venetia. At the same time the King's Government was accused of fostering disturbance by its emissaries among the Italian populations left by the Treaty of Zurich under the dominion of Austria.

"The document that I have the honor of transmitting to you will edify the Government of —— respecting the real causes of the profound discontent and constant agitation prevailing in Venetia. By this circular to the imperial and royal Austrian delegations in Venetia, Count Bissengen subjects to forced enrollment in *compagnies de discipline*—a mode of punishment which no civilized nation has inserted in its codes, which we search for in vain in the Austrian code, and which is nearly equivalent to convict labor—all the individuals who, by their antecedents, sometimes, or conduct, may appear capable of making attempts hostile to the Austrian Imperial Government.

"Be so good, Monsieur le Ministre, as to point out to the Government of ——, 1. That the elasticity of these expressions is so great that nearly the whole male population of Venetia may come under this category; 2. That the circular says expressly that no considerations of health will be attended to which might oppose the application of this mode of chastisement; 3. That the measure in question is not temporary, as the state of siege naturally is; and that it equally has for its effect the substitution in Venetia of military authority for the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals.

"I think it would be advisable to place these observations before the Minister of Foreign Affairs, leaving to him the task of deducing the necessary consequences of this state of things in Venetia.

"Accept, etc., C. CAVOUR."

### AMERICANS IN ROME.

A letter from Rome, dated 15th ult., says: "The number of Americans in Rome this winter is very small. Among those from the cities of Albany and New York are General Peter Gansevoort and family, Mr. Delavan and family, Mr. Van Rensselaer and family, and General and Mrs. Cooper, from Albany; Mr. William Chauncey, Colonel Charles Darling and family, Lieutenant and Mrs. Mygott, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Howland, Hon. Heman J. Redfield and wife, Mr. William Platt and family, Mrs. James Lorrimer Graham and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Jerome, and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Smith, from New York.

## AUSTRIA.

### GOVERNMENT REFORMS.

From Austria we have reports of important governmental reforms. The Imperial Council is henceforward to be composed of two different elements, one proceeding from nominations by the Emperor—most probably the princes of the Imperial house, the highest functionaries of the State, and other eminent persons besides; the other, proceeding from elections by the provincial representations, is to be formed, the difference in population being taken into account with regard to the number allotted to each province, and the whole number of members of this description amounting to thirty-seven. The Council is to meet in May next. The subjects to be submitted to the Council are the deliberation and definite settlement of the Budget, control of accounts, all laws having force over the whole of the empire, all projects of laws proceeding from the provincial representative assemblies, and any other subjects submitted by the Emperor's command. This is a step toward constitutionalism, though, of course, a brief one.

## MOROCCO.

### PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

News from Morocco is to the 28th of February. The permanent occupation of Tetuan by the Spanish had been definitely agreed upon, and 10,000 beds have been ordered to be sent there. Several battalions in the Peninsula have been ordered to be ready to go to Africa upon the first summons.

A letter from the Sultan of Morocco was read on the 25th of February at the principal mosque in Tangiers, announcing his rejection of the conditions of peace proposed by Spain. He states that he is coming to the northern provinces with a large force; that there is little prospect of peace; that he has ample funds, and that he will prosecute the war to the end if he loses all his sea-ports. He exhorts all true believers to rise in defense of their country, and says that he has given orders to put to death all plunderers.

The Sultan, acting on the concluding announcement, had dismissed the Arab cavalry, who plundered Tetuan, and beheaded many of their chiefs.

An interview took place on the 23d of February between Marshal O'Donnell and Mulley Abbas. The cession of Tetuan was discussed, but the representatives of the Sultan were not prepared to accede to the demand of Spain, and the negotiations, therefore, came to an end.

## MEXICO.

### BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

Miramon bombarded Vera Cruz on the 13th, but with little damage.

On the 14th a flag of truce was sent to Juarez, which resulted in the suspension of hostilities.

A military congress, composed of the chiefs of the two armies and representatives of the foreign governments, met on the same evening, but the result was not known at latest dates.

It was reported that Miramon had abandoned the siege, deserted his army, and taken refuge on board the French fleet.

The city of Mexico had pronounced against Miramon, and his army there was deserting him.

# THE NAVAL ACTION OF SIXTH MARCH.

THE picture on page 204 will convey to the beholder an idea of the conflict between the United States sloop-of-war *Saratoga* and the Mexican vessels *Miramon* and *Marquez* off Vera Cruz on the night of 5th-6th March inst., which ended in the capture of the latter vessels.

The following official account of the affair was transmitted by telegraph from New Orleans to Washington:

"NEW ORLEANS, *March* 19, 1860.

"Hon. ISAAC TOUCEY, Secretary of the Navy:

"SIR,—Lieutenant Chapman left Vera Cruz on the 11th instant in command of the prize steamer *Marquez*, of Havana, as bearer of dispatches to the Department from Captain Jarvis; but learning on my arrival here this morning that he had not arrived, I deem it my duty to forward the following report to you:

"On the 5th instant General Miramon commenced the siege of Vera Cruz, and on the 6th General Marin appeared before the city with this and another steamer, and not showing his colors, Commander Turner, in the *Saratoga*, with detachments from the *Savannah* and *Preble*, in the steamers *Indianola* and *Wave*, was ordered to proceed to the anchorage of the steamers, off Anton Lizardo, and ascertain their character. Upon nearing them one of them was seen to be moving off, when a shot was fired ahead of her to bring her to, and the *Indianola* was sent to overhaul her. The hail from the *Indianola* was replied to by a fire from the *General Miramon's* guns and a volley of musketry, when the *Saratoga* fired a broadside, and the action became general, resulting in the capture of both of Marin's steamers, with himself and a large number of his men on board.

"Captain Jarvis ordered both prizes to this port. The *Preble* will be here in a few days with Marin and most of the prisoners on board, the rest being distributed between this steamer and the *Marquez* of Havana.

"Your dispatch will reach me here.

"Respectfully, R. D. MINOR, Lieut., U. S. N.
"Commanding prize steamer *General Miramon*."

Another account states:

"The American loss is but three wounded, one of whom mortally. The Mexican loss is fifteen killed and twenty to thirty wounded.

"Miramon paid $55,000 for the two steamers.

"Marin's steamers passed by all the foreign squadrons and the castle without hoisting a flag, although ordered to do so by a shot from the castle and other signals. The English, French, and Spanish vessels of war did not notice the fact.

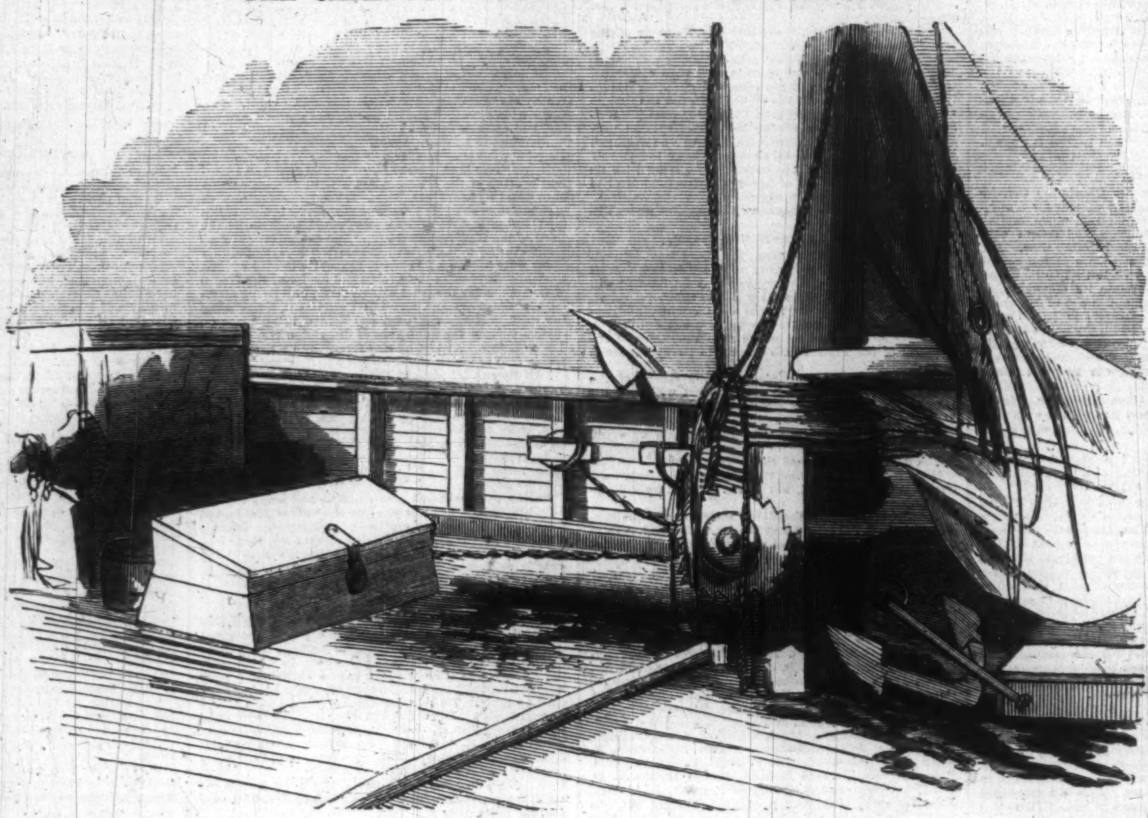
"The engagement took place by moonlight.

A later report says that "the *Indianola* pursued the *Miramon*, whereupon the latter fired on her. The *Indianola* returned the fire, and her crew boarded the *Miramon* at the point of the bayonet. A portion of the *Indianola's* deck was carried away by the shot. The *Miramon* was then run aground, and the *Saratoga* brought the *Marquez* to.

"The first engineer of the *Marquez*, an American, was killed.

"Captain Turner asked Marin why he fired on the American vessels without provocation? Marin replied that his men could not be controlled. He knew the nationality of the *Saratoga*, and understood her signals. The men fired contrary to his orders. Captain Turner replied, 'You are entirely responsible for the outrage.'"

## THE CABIN AND DECK OF THE "E. A. JOHNSON."



SCENE OF THE FIRST CONFLICT ON BOARD THE SLOOP "E. A. JOHNSON," WITH THE BLOOD-STAINS ON THE DECK.

WE give herewith pictures of the cabin and deck of the *E. A. Johnson*, with the traces of the fearful struggle of which they were the scene.

The first thing that attracted the attention of Captains Downs and Listare, on boarding the *E. A. Johnson*, was the presence of blood in large quantities upon the deck. In no less than three places were there extensive pools of gore and marks which evidently showed that some bloody substance had been dragged along the deck and thrown overboard. The cabin presented a still more horrible appearance than the deck, the floor and all the furniture being covered or spotted with blood.

The cabin had evidently been the scene of some sanguinary struggle. The floor, ceiling, benches, and furniture were all stained with blood. A further examination showed that the cabin had been ransacked by some persons as if in search of plunder, for upon the floor were strewed articles of clothing, papers, bedding, etc. The Coroner's deputies took notes of every thing they found in the cabin, among which were the following articles: A slate, on which were written the lines—"I now take my pen in my hand to let you know that I am well, and I hope you are the same. I left Egg Harbor—" A coffee-pot, covered with blood and human hair, was found in a corner near the stove. A broom, which had apparently been used in sweeping the blood from the floor, and a hammer, also smeared with blood, were found near the companion-way. Marks of blood were found on the ladder leading to the deck, upon the lockers, upon the sides of the cabin, and upon the ceiling. There were four fresh and distinct marks, as if made with the blade of a knife or sharp hatchet, upon the beams and ceiling, and one of the indentations was stained with blood. A pair of pantaloons, in the pockets of which were found twenty-nine cents, were found wrapped up in a piece of blood-stained paper; also the handle of a carpet-bag or valise, which had recently been torn off. The runs were, upon examination, found to be filled with blood, which had leaked down from the floor, and allowed to remain there in the clotted state in which it was discovered. All the lockers and closets were stained with blood, probably by the assassin in search of plunder, as also the stove and cooking utensils.

From the cabin the blood was traced up the companion-way to the deck, where marks as if produced by the dragging of some bloody substance were observable all along from the cabin door to the side of the vessel. The rail, too, was smeared with blood, and also the side of the sloop, showing that the assassin concluded his work by throwing the evidence of his guilt into the sea. The finger-marks of blood on the rail and the indentation of a knife leads to the belief that the murderer was compelled to sever the hand of his victim as he clung to this frail support before he could throw him overboard.

Amidships on the starboard side, near the centre-board, was found a large pool of blood, which was also traced to the side of the vessel. The second victim had probably been murdered here, dragged to the rail, and committed to the deep. Farther forward, near the main hatch, was another pool of blood, connecting with a fourth pool around the foremast and forecastle hatchway, and occupying a space of about six feet square. In the latter pool was found a lock of brown hair, which had evidently been torn out of the murdered man's head in the struggle.

### HOW THE PRISONER WAS IDENTIFIED.

On Saturday evening, soon after the arrival of the prisoner, the man John Burke, with whom he had lived in Cedar Street, was confronted with the prisoner, whom he identified at once as William Johnson, the man who, with his wife and child, had left No. 120 Cedar Street on Wednesday afternoon, and went on board the Fall River boat. Mr. Simmons also stepped forward and recognized he prisoner as one of the hands who sailed from this port with Captain Burr on board the sloop *E. A. Johnson*. Upon being asked if he knew Captain Burr, he said he did not, he never saw him, and never sailed in the vessel commanded by him. Other questions were put to him by Mr. Simmons, but they were all answered in the same vague manner.

Yesterday afternoon an old man named Charles La Coste, who keeps a coffee and cake stand near the East Broadway stage terminus at the South Ferry, identified Johnson as the man who, on Wednesday morning last, at about 8 o'clock, stopped opposite to his stand, apparently looking to see what he sold thereat, when he asked him if he wanted some coffee. He afterward went into the booth and sat down, leaving what appeared to be his clothes-bag outside the railings. He had coffee and cakes, which amounted to the sum of six cents. When about to leave, he handed him a ten-dollar gold piece in payment, when he asked him if he had no less change. He said he had, and pulled from his pocket a handful of gold, silver, and some cents, and, abstracting a half dime and a cent, paid his bill. About this time some boot-blacks came round and wanted to black his boots. He looked down at his feet, and said his boots were not worth the trouble. He then asked if he could get a carriage, when La Coste told him it was too early; he ought to get into an East Broadway stage and ride up to French's Hotel, as he had asked for the whereabouts of a respectable place to put up at. To this suggestion he demurred, when a newsboy came up to him, took hold of his bag, and implored him for the privilege of conveying his bag to any given point of the Metropolis. The boy took the bag and followed the man.

That boy's name was William Drum. Yesterday afternoon the prisoner was brought from his cell, and taken into the officers' room in the back part of the Station-House, where a promiscuous assemblage of men had been gathered in. The prisoner took his place among them. The boy, Wm. Drum, was then brought into the room, and in a moment rested his finger upon the man whose clothes-bag he had carried from La Coste's stand to the house No. 129 Cedar Street, one morning last week, about 8 o'clock; he did not recollect which morning. The man thus pointed out was the prisoner. The same boy immediately afterward saw the bag, and identified it [illegible] which he had carried from the South Ferry to Cedar Street. He asked Johnson fifty cents for the job, but on his refusal he compromised, and took three shillings.

Abram Egbert was introduced in the same manner as the boy, and selected Johnson as the man who spoke to him on the bridge at the Vanderbilt landing on Staten Island, last Wednesday morning between 6 and 7 o'clock. He was not certain, but he thought he was the man.

Augustus Gisler, the boy who sold Johnson the oyster stew, the eggs, and the numerous hot gins, was also introduced in the same manner. He at once pointed out Johnson, and said, "That is the man."

Another little boy, who had asked to black Johnson's boots at the South Ferry, was introduced. He looked carefully through the crowd, repeatedly fastening his eyes upon Johnson. The boy at last stopped opposite Johnson again; the prisoner noticed this, made a contortion, and turned away his face, when the boy said he could not see the man. The prisoner was then taken back to his cell.

The movements of the prisoner are so thoroughly linked with this shocking crime, that they form a complete chain of circumstantial evidence; and this chain, which is riveted with iron strength, can be traced, link by link, from the landing of the yawl to the arrest of Johnson.

It remains to be seen how the ends of justice will be served.

INTERIOR OF THE CABIN OF THE "E. A. JOHNSON," WHERE THE CAPTAIN WAS PROBABLY MURDERED.

# THE CARSTANG-SHAW CASE AT ST. LOUIS.

We engrave herewith, from sketches made for us by Mr. G. G. Friedlein, of St. Louis, Missouri, a portrait of Miss Effie Carstang, the plaintiff in the famous case of Carstang *vs.* Shaw; and a picture of the Court-room during the trial of the case. Very few of our readers need to be reminded that this is the great breach-of-promise case which was tried a year ago, and then resulted in a verdict of $100,000 damages for the plaintiff. A new trial was ordered, which is now proceeding.

### THE PLAINTIFF.

The plaintiff, Miss Effie Catharine Carstang, has lived in comparative obscurity till the commencement of the present proceedings. She went to St. Louis in the year 1854, and has resided since on Fifth Street, between Franklin Avenue and Morgan, with Mrs. Seaman, her sister. Her acquaintance with Mr. Shaw commenced during the year 1856, and the promise to marry is alleged to have been given in November, 1856. In personal appearance Miss Carstang is rather tall in figure, and withal graceful, has dark hair, brilliant eyes, blonde complexion, and a firmness of character which has marked her participation in the present suit since its inception. We should judge the lady to be on the shady side of thirty, and not unattractive in point of personal beauty. She has maintained a remarkable perseverance throughout the whole trial, and accompanied her counsel personally to New York and other places, gathering testimony in her own vindication. The attempt to compel her to give bonds for the payment of the costs was unsuccessful, the motion therefor having been denied by Judge Reber. Pending this matter, Miss Carstang proved the ownership of property reputed to be worth about $3000 of promissory notes secured by a mortgage on land on the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad.

Her counsel stated that she is a native of New York or Brooklyn. Her parents both are dead. Her father was a worthy and conspicuous member of the Methodist Church, well known and respected by his neighbors in Brooklyn as a citizen, and enjoying a license to preach and exhort in the church of which he was a member, though pursuing a secular business during the days of the week. He died some ten years ago, his wife having died before him. The plaintiff is now, as she has been for several years, without any near male relative.

She is without wealth or wealthy friends, and is doubtless much perplexed to meet the severe pecuniary demands to which she has been subjected by the manner in which she has prosecuted this suit.

### THE DEFENDANT.

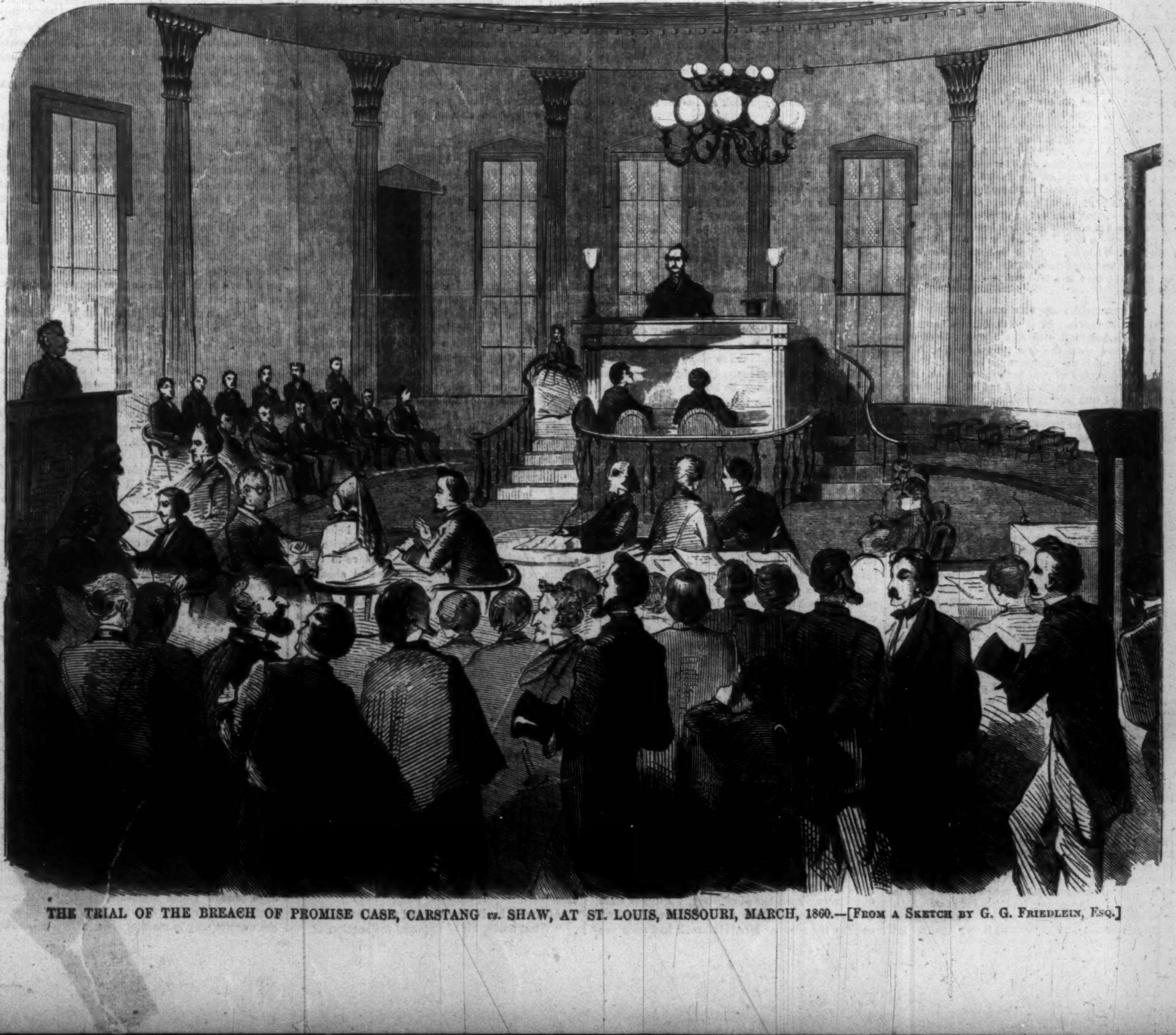
The defendant, Henry Shaw, has been a resident of St. Louis for forty-one years. He was formerly a merchant, and acquiring great wealth, retired from business as long ago as 1841. Subsequently he went to Europe and traveled extensively on the Continent, spending several months in Italy, observing the arts and artists of that country. From early youth botany has been his favorite study, and while in Europe Mr. Shaw improved every opportunity to gather information or profit from the experience of others on this subject. In personal appearance Mr. Shaw is of medium height, hearty complexion, rather sharp in features, with blue eyes, and possessed of great suavity of manner—in fact, one of the politest men in St. Louis. His age is between fifty and sixty, and his hair is tinged with gray. His wealth is variously estimated at between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. On the corner of Seventh and Locust streets, his city residence forms quite an ornament to that locality. It is a three-story brick building, with a wing in the shape of an L, built in rather a quaint style of architecture, and has a carriage entrance on Locust Street. About ten years ago Mr. Shaw became possessor of a tract of land, 600 acres in extent, situated in a southwesterly direction from the court-house, on the old Manchester road. At the time it was a barren prairie, but the wealth of the proprietor enabled him to transform the wilderness into a comparative Eden.

MISS EFFIE CARSTANG.—[From a Sketch by G. G. Friedlein, Esq.]

The first witness called was Mrs. Mary Seaman, sister of the plaintiff. We abridge her testimony.

### THE SHAW COURTSHIP.

Mrs. Mary Seaman sworn, testifies: Know the plaintiff; am her sister; Mr. Shaw called to see my sister, the plaintiff, in the year 1856; can not say how long he staid at that time; was in the habit of staying half an hour or longer; continued his visits for nearly two years—until, I think, late in the fall of 1858; understood that he visited with a view to marriage; Mr. Shaw would come sometimes two or three times, sometimes once a week; generally in the morning, but also often in the afternoon and evening; never took his visits as visits to myself; he was sometimes entertained by myself, sometimes by my sister; sometimes in the parlor, and sometimes in the sitting-room; Mr. Shaw presented my sister with a set of jewelry, a piano, gloves, fruits, flowers, etc.; generally brought something at each visit; he and my sister sometimes rode out together; Mr. Shaw had visited about three or four times before I got to think that he came for purposes of marriage; at one time he brought some books; I was admiring them, and so was my sister; he asked us if we understood botany; said he wished her to understand botany before he would like to make her his wife, and that was the reason he had brought the books; told my sister afterward I did not wish Mr. Shaw to come to my house, because he was too rich a man to visit us; the books were his first gift; some months after that he brought the jewelry; after that the piano; Mr. Shaw called one day to take my sister out riding, and on the occasion used the expression: "This time I will bring her back, but the next time when I take her out riding I shall not, because I want to make her my wife;" the gloves, of which there was a whole bag, were brought by the servant, while Mr. Shaw halted with his carriage at the door; this was before the piano was given; also before the jewelry was presented to my sister; think it was after the conversation about the book; my sister was willing and ready to marry him, and made preparations for the event; began to prepare in the summer of 1857, so far as I can remember; they were to live at Tower Grove; remember Mr. Shaw calling one day; he said it was very warm, and the country so much more pleasant than the city; then he added, "After I marry your sister I shall ask you if you will not come into the country and live with me;" Mr. Shaw, when he brought the piano, came accompanied with other men; asked me where he had better put it, as my sister was not at home, and had it put under his directions; this was in 1857; Mr. Shaw inquired afterward, at one time, whether she practiced much; the piano was called for by Mr. Shaw, late in the fall of 1857, and taken away; this was a few months previous to the bringing of the suit; I am not positive as regards the time—was not present; my sister, however, was at home at the time; think Mr. Shaw called once after she had received the piano, but she was not then at home—that was about a month or six weeks after the presentation of the piano; Mr. Shaw's deportment was very gentlemanly; his visits from the first gradually increased in frequency; some of the neighbors also noticed the circumstance; the marriage was to have taken place in the summer of 1857, to judge by the preparation; think Mr. Shaw called only once a year after that; was once in Tower Grove myself; where the flowers were brought from; they came at all seasons; and so also the fruit, consisting of pears, grapes, etc.; from the period when Mr. Shaw first visited down to the conversation about the books, I think about two months elapsed; never asked Mr. Shaw as to what were his intentions with regard to my sister; my aunt died in August last at my house; when I told my sister of the impropriety of Mr. Shaw's visits, she said that his intentions were honorable, and, of course, I then had no more objection; my sister had some property, which she gave to me previous to her prospective marriage to Mr. Shaw; she settled the property upon me because I would not agree to live with her after her marriage; my sister wrote a letter to Mr. Shaw after he broke off his visits, which, however,



THE TRIAL OF THE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE, CARSTANG *vs.* SHAW, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, MARCH, 1860.—[From a Sketch by G. G. Friedlein, Esq.]

was not noticed by him; Mr. Shaw and my sister were to have taken their marriage tour to Rochester, New York, where Mr. Shaw's mother resides.

### DID NOT LISTEN AT KEYHOLES.

The witness, on being cross-examined, said: Do not think I ever gave any other account to any body of the means of my knowledge of the breach of promise than the one given, but may have answered in an unsatisfactory manner questions put from mere motives of curiosity; do not recollect giving Mr. John W. Harris (neighbor) a different account; do not recollect ever telling him that the only knowledge I had of the contract was derived from putting my ear to the keyhole of the parlor door, and listening to a conversation going on between Effie and Mr. Shaw, or to any body else; do not remember talking to Mr. Harris about it at all, but was present when my sister talked to him; may have put off his curiosity by giving an unsatisfactory answer; know a woman named Ellen O'Keafe—she was a servant girl in my house; never had any conversation with her about the contract; never told her what I knew about it was derived from listening through the keyhole; conversed with her once in this court-house on the subject of her testimony, but did not tell her that my lawyers told me that her testimony would kill the case; never told her any thing else calculated to affect, modify, or alter the testimony to be given by her in court.

### DID EFFIE BORROW MONEY OF SHAW?

When we first came here we were not in debt to any body, and paid our first year's rent in advance; know my sister's handwriting; this writing (here shown) looks like plaintiff's hand; this (another note shown) looks also like plaintiff's writing; can't tell her writing without seeing her write it; never heard of these notes before this trial; if she gave them to Mr. Shaw, it was a secret; I was not let into it; Effie has never denied the execution of these notes to Shaw; don't think I ever heard her mention them to any person; she has not said any thing to me, in particular, about them at all; didn't know of Effie's borrowing money from defendant; don't know that she represented herself to Mr. Shaw in great want, and wanted to borrow $300, at the time of getting this money; don't know of any necessity that existed, requiring Effie to have the money at that time.

### DID SHE VISIT SHAW AT HIS HOUSE?

Have visited Mr. Shaw's house in town between six and eight o'clock, with my sister, various times; couldn't say whether it was three or a dozen times; we went to see Mr. Shaw, etc.; went to make him a friendly call, saw him every time; never saw any white person there; have been there in the afternoon; returned home with my sister; never left there later than eight o'clock; if it was winter that would make it dark; don't know that Effie Carstang ever staid all night at Mr. Shaw's house, in town nor in the country either; don't know that she had a room at his house in town; don't think it likely that she would have had one without my knowing it. Miss C. might have staid out at Tower Grove one night without my knowing it; she has been away from the house one or two nights; has staid with the family of Mrs. Bray, at the Convent; if she went out to Mr. Shaw's, I think she would have told me; don't know that she has been away from the house more than three nights; she has been to St. Joseph to see her cousin; she went to Cincinnati about two weeks before the first trial, and returned in about two weeks, came home in the night, on the arrival of the cars; if Effie went to Mr. Shaw's and staid there all night, she concealed it from me.

### CONJUGAL TROUBLES OF EFFIE'S SISTER.

I stated on last trial that my husband lived with me in Brooklyn; never kept house in New York city; was married in 1840; lived with my husband till 1846 or 1847; my husband and myself agreed to separate. (Witness was affected to tears at this stage of the examination.) He could not get into any business, and could not support me; he had nothing, and could not get any thing to do. Q. Did you ever have any thing else against your husband for leaving him? A. Yes, my husband sought other society, not respectable, of both sexes. He went to see frail women, so I was told; that was the reason, I suppose, why I left him; his failure to support me was one reason; I filed a bill for divorce in the Circuit Court of St. Louis, on the ground of adultery and desertion; am not sure about the desertion; it was a great while ago—in 1852.

Various questions were put to witness, tending to ascertain from her whether Effie had been guilty of freedoms with young men. Her replies were in the negative. She said she did not know that her husband's sister had had an illegitimate child. She was not aware that Effie had been in a love scrape similar to this at New Orleans.

### TESTIMONY OF THE SERVANT.

The next witness was the servant, Rebecca Lanmann. She said she had lived with Mrs. Seaman; lived with her more than once; the first time I staid with her three months; this was two years ago last July; the 6th of April, afterward, I went to her a second time; this, I think, was the second April after I had left her; the second time staid with her six months; was occupied as a servant; saw Mr. Shaw at Mrs. Seaman's; saw him at the door; he asked for Miss Effie Carstang; that was during my first term of serving; I then conducted him into the parlor; then went to inform Miss Carstang that somebody wanted to see her, without mentioning his name; Mr. Shaw did not tell his name, but said to me, "Never mind—you just go up and tell Miss Carstang that somebody wants to see her;" after that saw Mr. Shaw call frequently; sometimes three times a week, sometimes twice, sometimes four times; he never asked to see any body else but Miss Carstang; he would bring with him sometimes fruits, and sometimes flowers; they were for Miss Effie; don't know that he ever brought any to Mrs. Seaman; know of the piano; it was put up under the direction of Mr. Shaw; during the fair Mr. Shaw came to see Miss Effie, I waited on him at the door, he asked for her, and I told him she had gone to the fair, and then he said, "I think going once to the fair is enough" (she had been going once before that); he didn't seem to be mad because she was gone; I asked Miss Effie once if that gentleman (Mr. Shaw) staid in the house; she said no; she said I should stay with her as she was going to get married in two months. I asked her who she was going to marry—whether she was going to be married to Mr. Homes; she said no, but that she was going to marry a richer man than Mr. Homes was; she asked me whom I thought she would rather have, one of the men of the house, or Mr. Shaw; I asked her if she was going to marry the old gentleman who came to the door a while ago; I thought she was going to marry Mr. Homes; but she said she would rather have Mr. Shaw; I never heard Mr. Shaw say any thing himself about his going to be married to Miss Effie.

### THE DEFENDANT'S CASE.

On Friday Mr. Shepley proceeded to open the case for the defendant, reciting what they intended to prove. He said that the plaintiff, instead of being introduced to Mr. Shaw, had sought his acquaintance for the purpose of entrapping him; that she applied to him for assistance in order to satisfy an inexorable landlord, and proffered Mr. Shaw security. He then reviewed the testimony relative to the promise of marriage, treating it very lightly. He also intimated very strongly that the character of the plaintiff for chastity was very poor, and endeavored to impeach a number of the witnesses. On Saturday Mr. S. concluded his address, and the testimony for the defense was commenced.

The first witness was William N. Davis, who, after making some statements damaging to the reputation of the plaintiff, being subjected to a cross-examination, his testimony dwindled down considerably. On Monday the deposition of Mrs. Chamberlain, taken at Cincinnati on the 27th of July, 1859, was read. She represents that Mrs. Seaman knew of the alleged Judge Ivy black-mail affair. She had never heard of any thing against the character of the plaintiff for virtue and prudence. Several other witnesses were examined, and the bulk of their testimony showed that they had heard some one express opinions that the characters of the sisters—Mrs. Seaman and Miss Carstang—were not good, but knew nothing positive themselves.

## DEACON HOLBROOK.

MY story opens in a New England sitting-room. There were three persons present. Let me introduce them in order. First there was Deacon Holbrook, an old man, not far from seventy now, with white hair, a tall, spare form, and decided features. Next, his wife, a motherly old lady, with an expression of such calm benevolence on her face as to charm all who saw her. Yet, at this moment, anxiety, grief, and entreaty struggled for the mastery. The third figure in our tableau was a young man, with a frank, handsome face, of years not exceeding twenty, who stood in the middle of the floor with downcast look, shrinking from the angry words which his father uttered.

"Henry," said the Deacon, sternly, "you have disgraced yourself and me—me, a Deacon of the Church. You have embittered the declining years of your parents."

"Do not be too hard with him, Deacon Holbrook," interposed his wife. "Remember it is his first fault."

"If it were any thing else," said his father, still unappeased: "but to think that my son should become a gambler! My son, who has been so carefully trained in the way that he should go!"

"It is only once," urged the wife, with all a mother's instincts.

"There are some crimes that can not be committed once without sinking the soul deep in sin," returned the father, with unabated sternness.

All this while the young man had remained silent, though his varying color showed that he felt deeply the harshness of his father's words. At length he spoke:

"Father," said he, firmly, "you will one day repent your severity. No sooner had I sinned than I repented, and made immediate confession to you and my mother. Instead of encouraging me in my repentance, you load me with reproaches which my own conscience had anticipated, and which, Heaven knows, I did not need."

Deacon Holbrook was about to speak, but Henry rapidly continued: "You tell me I have disgraced you. I will remove myself and my disgrace from your presence."

As he was about to leave the room his mother asked anxiously, "Where would you go, Henry?"

"Stay him not, Hannah!" said the Deacon, sternly. "It is well that he should leave a place where he can no longer look an honest man in the face."

"Deacon Holbrook, he is our son!" said the wife, reproachfully.

"I would that I could forget it," was the unrelenting reply.

These last words reached the ears of the young man, as he stood upon the threshold, and an expression half of grief, half of indignation, swept over his face. He knew that he had done wrong, but he felt that he had not forfeited forgiveness. With one farewell glance at his mother, full of unspoken gratitude and love, he left the house which had been to him so long a home.

This was the fault of which Henry Holbrook had been guilty: Having been sent to New York by his father to collect a sum of money due him, he had been allured to a gaming-house by a companion, and there induced to play, though not until after much persuasion. Having lost a part of the money in his charge, he kept on playing in the hope of recovering his losses. But, as might have been expected, instead of this he lost all that remained. Then thoroughly ashamed, and bitterly upbraiding himself for his breach of trust, he went home and confessed all. This confession was received, as we have seen, in such a way as to chill his confidence, and excite his indignation. And now he had gone forth from home, a wanderer, he knew not whither, with no effort on his father's part to stay him.

Let me do Deacon Holbrook the justice to say that it was not his own personal loss that excited his rigor. The sum, though not large—a hundred dollars—was yet of importance to him. Still he could overlook that, but not his son's weakness and crime, as he termed it, by which it was lost. There was much of the Puritan rigor in Deacon Holbrook. The Puritan spirit belongs to no particular period, but survives here and there in some of their descendants; and Deacon Holbrook was descended in a straight line from one of the pilgrims of the *Mayflower*.

After Henry's departure the old house became quieter than before. All the life had gone out of it. Deacon Holbrook himself was a man of few words, and his taciturnity had abated his wife's social tendency. Very long, very quiet, and very tedious were the evenings which they spent together. On one side of the fire-place sat the Deacon, gravely reading through his spectacles the agricultural paper which came weekly, and which was the only one he took, or perhaps he might be engaged upon "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Baxter's Call," his favorite works. Opposite him sat his wife, her fingers actively engaged in knitting, her mind intent upon her absent boy. All was staid, quiet, subdued. There was not even a kitten to enliven the scene. Mrs. Holbrook had once ventured to introduce one into the house, but the Deacon speedily intimated his dislike of cats, and Puss had been banished.

One night Deacon Holbrook brought a letter for his wife. It was such an unusual circumstance for the good woman to receive a letter that she took it eagerly, and tore it open with unwonted haste.

What was it that made her eyes sparkle with joy? The familiar handwriting had not deceived her. She knew at once, by the peculiar flourish at the top of the H, that it was from Henry.

She read it through with grateful joy. It was from one of the mining districts of California. It appears that Henry had worked his passage, having no money; and, leaving the vessel at San Francisco, had proceeded at once to the mines, where he was now working. He had not been there long enough to form an idea of what were his chances of success. He wished his mother to write, and promised to keep her advised of his movements. There was only one reference to his father. It was this: "I am afraid father still retains his bitterness of feeling toward me. If this is the case, do not trouble him with any message. But if otherwise, you may give him my dutiful regards, and say that I do not yet despair of making myself a good and true man."

Deacon Holbrook did not look at his wife while she was reading this letter, though the handwriting must have told him also who it was from.

"Joshua," said his wife, timidly, using the rarely-mentioned Christian name of her husband, "this letter is from Henry."

"So I suppose," said he, coldly.

As he spoke he took from his pocket the *Weekly Farmer*, and, adjusting his spectacles, began to read.

This was a hint, and so Mrs. Holbrook understood it, that he did not care to pursue the subject further. But she could not help asking, "Wouldn't you like to read Henry's letter, Joshua?"

"You will oblige me by not mentioning his name again," said the Deacon, stiffly. "He has forfeited all claims to be considered a son."

So days, months, and even years passed. It lacked but a month of five years since Henry Holbrook left his home. There was little change in the air of the grave, sober-looking mansion of Deacon Holbrook. The Deacon himself had failed more in these five years than in any five preceding. His form had lost its ancient erectness, and was bowed. His face had grown more wrinkled, and he spent more time in the house. Mrs. Holbrook received tidings of Henry at short intervals. He was well, and doing well, he wrote; but did not enter into particulars. Some time he should return to see his mother. Of his father he did not speak. These letters were all brought home from the village post-office by Deacon Holbrook, but he never signified any curiosity or interest to learn their contents. Henry's name had not been mentioned between the two for years; yet—and let not this surprise the reader—it would be hard to tell which thought of him most constantly. Behind the Deacon's taciturnity there beat a heart, and that heart was more tender to his lost son than he would have been willing to confess.

All at once his quiet life was broken in upon, and that in a most cruel manner.

One day he entered the house, his face as pallid as a sheet, his limbs tottering beneath him, his whole expression that of great and intolerable anguish.

"What's the matter, Deacon Holbrook? What's the matter, Joshua?" inquired his alarmed wife.

"Hannah, we are paupers—paupers in our old age!" said her husband, bitterly.

"Good gracious! what has happened, Joshua?" asked the wife, turning pale from sympathy.

Little by little it came out that Deacon Holbrook had become bondsman for a bank officer with whom he was well acquainted, and in whose integrity he had the utmost confidence. But to-day the astounding intelligence had arrived that the officer, after a series of defalcations, had fled the country, and left his bondsmen to suffer. The amount for which the Deacon had become bound was sufficient to swallow up the house and farm—all, in fact, that he possessed.

The farm was not a valuable one. It comprised fifty acres of rough soil, which, by hard labor, had been made to suffice for the moderate wants of a small and economical family. In the market it would not bring over three thousand dollars, and for that amount the Deacon was bound. Yesterday he had reckoned himself rich. Now he regarded himself as a pauper.

"This is indeed worse than death," thought the Deacon with stern sorrow. "The Lord has indeed smitten me in mine old age."

Little time was given for anticipation before the blow fell. The Holbrook farm was advertised for sale at auction, the auction to take place in three weeks. Bills were printed and posted about on fences and in stores. Meanwhile Deacon Holbrook sank into a state of listless apathy. All day long he would sit in the rocking-chair, with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, saying nothing, and apparently paying little attention to what was going on about him. His wife, scarcely less sorrowful than himself, feared that his reason was undermined.

Three weeks passed by, and brought the day of the sale. Mrs. Holbrook would gladly have absented herself; but her husband, exhibiting more life than of late, insisted on being present. So, with many misgivings, she became an unwilling witness of the trying scene.

The bidding commenced at two thousand dollars. Gradually it went up to twenty-nine hundred, and was about to be knocked off at that price to Squire Clayton when the trampling of hoofs was heard—a young man, with a handsome face browned by exposure, leaped from his horse, and inquired eagerly the amount of the last bid. On being told, he at once exclaimed, "I bid three thousand dollars."

At that price it was knocked down to him.

"What name, Sir?" inquired the auctioneer.

"Deacon Joshua Holbrook," was the reply, in a loud, clear voice.

There was a buzz of surprise, and the question, "Who is he?" passed from one to another.

Among the rest Deacon Holbrook looked up eagerly, and a question was on his lips.

"Father, mother, don't you know your boy?" asked the young man, with emotion.

Deacon Holbrook's eyes lighted up with joy. Silently he opened his arms. The reconciliation was complete.

Henry subsequently explained that, having been successful at the mines, he had wished to return unexpectedly, when, upon his arrival in New York, he had learned his father's misfortune. He had instantly made what haste he could to his native village, and fortunately arrived in time to prevent the sacrifice of the farm.

"The Lord hath rebuked my vain pride and the hardness of my heart that led me to turn away from my only son," said the Deacon, solemnly. "Henceforth may our hearts be filled with the love that faileth not!"

And his wife and son reverently said, "Amen!"

## A FRIENDLY VISIT.

IT may be pretty safely affirmed that Miss Fanny Birch was about as charming a young lady as any likely to be met with in a day's march. Not that she was particularly pretty; other young ladies, her friends, having been known to prove—to their own satisfaction, at least—that she didn't possess a tolerably decent feature; nor was she very witty, nor very accomplished, nor remarkably clever; nevertheless, all the items being open to criticism, the sum total was decidedly satisfactory, the resultant Fanny undeniably charming.

So thought Matthew Arrowsmith, Esq., aged sixty, her uncle and guardian, who believed in her thoroughly, who gave in to all her numerous whims and fancies, and loved and spoiled her with considerable energy. Uncle Matthew was rich, and a man of some importance in his town; ex-mayor, present magistrate, councilman, and all sorts of things. Miss Fanny presided over his house, tyrannized over himself in a good-humored but pretty strict way, and, being reasonably looked upon as heiress to her bachelor uncle's possessions, was much esteemed, both on this account and for her own intrinsic merits. Between her and her uncle, however, at length came that which, at some time or another, is not unlikely to interpose between most young ladies and their parents or guardians.

This "foreign body" was no other than a young architect, Charles Bingham by name; he, shortly before this history commences, had made certain tender proposals to Miss Fanny, who accepted them herself as a matter of fact, and referred him respecting them to her uncle as a matter of form. There being no reason for impeaching Charley's morals, manners, or position, nor any cause for refusing Mr. Arrowsmith's consent, save his disinclination for parting with his niece to any body, he had nothing for it left but to ratify the arrangement previously effected; he did so therefore, and at once proceeded to fall into very low spirits.

"Uncle," said Fanny, one night, just before going to bed, "what's the matter with you?"

"The matter with me!" said Uncle Matthew, "nothing's the matter; what should be the matter with me?"

"Don't be foolish," said Fanny. "I want to talk seriously to you. Do you think I can be comfortable, or—or any thing, while you look so mopy and miserable? And then, when I ask you what's the matter, you say 'Nothing.' I'm very angry with you—very."

"Well, I don't know as to comfort," said Uncle Matthew, rather maliciously. "I thought you looked pretty comfortable when you were on the sofa there, with Charley's arm round your waist and your heads so close together."

"Don't be rude, Sir," said Fanny. "Besides, Charles has noticed it, too. He says you don't look like yourself."

"Oh! he's noticed it too, has he?" said Mr. Arrowsmith. "I'm sure I'm much obliged to him. I'd a fancy he only noticed one person in this house, and I don't wonder at it either. Ah, Fan! I don't know what I'm to do without you. I'm afraid I shall have to turn that young man out of doors, one of these days, after all. What should you say to that?"

"You're not going to do without me," returned Fanny, sitting down on his knee and putting her arm round his neck. "We're all going to live together; and besides, Charley can wait, and—oh, heaps of things. Don't let such ideas get into your head, and put you out. You want rousing. I know what—I shall send to London for Bella Harper, and we'll go all sorts of excursions and drives, and you shall be your own old self again."

"So Bella Harper 's to keep me company, while you and Charley—"

"Now don't be ridiculous," interrupted Fanny, with a slight blush. "At any rate, if you *are* left to the care of Bella, I shall expect you to be very polite and attentive to her."

"Ah!" said Uncle Matthew, "I'll keep my eyes open, and take a few lessons in the mean time; I shall have plenty of opportunities. I wish I shouldn't—no, never mind; I don't mean it. I'm an old fool."

"You're an [illegible]," said the young lady; with which [illegible] contradiction the dialogue concluded.

Next day, [illegible] Fanny wrote to her old school-fellow, the [illegible] Bella Harper, inviting her to pay a visit [illegible]; and in due time Bella Harper's [illegible] arrived, followed shortly by Bella Harper [illegible].

Well, Bella arrived; was [illegible] toward dearest Fanny, respectfully and timidly ditto toward Uncle Matthew, frankly and pleasantly friendly toward Charley, whose acquaintance she was not long in making after her arrival. The

night of Bella's arrival there was a sort of state kept up in her honor: the lamp was lighted, then followed "a little music"—that is to say, Fanny played the piano, then Bella played, then Charley sang to Fanny's accompaniment, and so on—excessively pleasant, but possibly a thought dull. Bella yawned once or twice, there could be no doubt, though she did her best to conceal the fact; but then, you see, she had been traveling a great part of the day. As for Charley, when Fanny let him out of the hall-door, he didn't scruple to say that Miss Harper might be a nice girl enough, but that, in his opinion, she was a nice girl too many —that, as a matter of taste, he thought two people were better company than three, and so forth. Fanny said he was talking nonsense, and the discussion ended in the ridiculously illogical manner which, I am informed, is not uncommon in such cases.

Next evening, however, the proceedings were conducted on a very different system; no light was introduced, but the three sat there talking, till, as dusk stole on, the conversation grew fitful, languid, and finally died away. Fanny and Charley sat very close together, with a book of prints wrong side up before them, so long as the last gleam remained; but when Mr. Arrowsmith at length entered, calling out, "Hallo! all in the dark here—confound that chair! Why, Fanny, where are you?" it is a fact that that young lady commenced a number of voluble but rather confused excuses—"It was so much pleasanter talking in the dark; wasn't it, Bella? We were just going to ring for lights," etc., etc. But Bella gave no answer to this appeal; and when the lights were brought it became evident, to Mr. Arrowsmith's great amusement, and to the confusion of the other two, that she had disappeared. Away flew Fanny to Bella's bedroom, and, tapping at the door, was straightway admitted, scolded her friend, and brought her back.

For two or three evenings, therefore, Bella made a third in the drawing-room. But inasmuch as the game in which Fanny and Charles were engaged is one which can not, even with the best intentions on the part of the players, be made as interesting to a looker-on as to themselves, it is not to be supposed that a young lady, by no means destitute of resource, would sit for any great length of time complacently and unprofitably contemplating the happiness of her two friends. Accordingly, an evening arrived when, after a short sojourn in the drawing-room, and at the time when the conversation had merged from a trio into a duet, Bella arose and made her way to the door. At this movement, Fanny, suddenly recalled to a sense of the courtesies, cried out,

"Where are you going, dear?"

"Oh," said Bella, quietly, "I shall be back directly," which, it will be perceived, was not an answer to the question. Being a conscientious young lady, and having promised not to retire again to her own room, Miss Harper, on this occasion, betook herself quietly down stairs, and opened the door of the dining-room. But it would appear as if she hadn't calculated on finding the apartment occupied, for on seeing Uncle Matthew seated quietly before the fire she drew back, saying, timidly, "Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Arrowsmith; I didn't know you were here;" which was strange, as she was perfectly aware of his custom, and had left him there not a quarter of an hour previously.

"Come in, my dear, come in!" cried Uncle Matthew, gallantly; "don't let me drive you away. I dare say you don't find the young folk up stairs the best of company; at least I know I don't; and I can't see why you and I shouldn't league together against them for once in a way."

Bella laughed a quiet, queer little laugh as she replied, still holding the door in her hand, "I don't know what Fanny would say to that, in the first place; and in the next, I know you're accustomed to sit by yourself after dinner, and don't want me to disturb you."

"Quite a mistake, my dear; at least I didn't sit by myself before that young gentleman up stairs became so regular in his attendance. Fanny used to keep me company, and read the paper to me, and pour out my wine, and warm my slippers, and I don't know what, and here comes a— Well, well, I miss her a good deal; but I beg your pardon, my dear, there's a terrible draught from that door; come in, and be charitable to an old man."

So Bella came in, and *was* charitable: informed Mr. Arrowsmith that she should try to act Fanny for once, though she knew she should be *so* clumsy; insisted on opening and peeling his walnuts with the whitest little fingers possible, poured out the wine, procured the slippers from their peculiar corner and put them inside the fender, read little bits of the paper, and demanded explanations from the pleased Uncle Matthew; sympathized with him on prospective events, praised Fanny, and, in a word, made herself so charming that, when at last she jumped up, declaring that she must go—what would Fanny say?—she had no idea she had been so long—he absolutely begged her to stay a little bit longer.

Next night, if Mr. Arrowsmith expected to be similarly favored by Miss Harper, he was destined to be disappointed; for she remained in the drawing-room, on the principle, perhaps, of turn and turn about being fair play. But the following evening (and, it may as well be said, pretty regularly subsequently) she again ventured to invade the dining-room, and again was Uncle Matthew the object of the little delicate attentions of which he had approved so highly on their first bestowal. What with the excursions which took place by day —when Charley always managed, on some pretext, to be of the party, and when, therefore, Miss Harper and Mr. Arrowsmith were left pretty much together—and these evening meetings, there grew up quite a good understanding between that lady and gentleman.

But there must be an end to all things, however pleasant. One evening when Miss Bella made her accustomed, and, it must be confessed, eagerly expected entry into Mr. Arrowsmith's dining-room and presence, her face wore a rather curious expression of expectation and anxiety, which, however, her companion did not notice; and it was, therefore, quite unexpectedly that, after the usual programme for the evening had been gone through, rather more attentively than usual on Bella's part, Mr. Arrowsmith suddenly discovered the young lady, very decidedly and unmistakably, in the act of "having a good cry."

Quite horrified by the suddenness of this catastrophe, Uncle Matthew anxiously demanded its cause.

"My dear," said he, "I'm afraid something has happened to distress you. It isn't any thing Fanny has—"

"Oh! no," replied the disconsolate one; "Fanny's only too kind, and every one else here; that's it; that's the reason why I—" Sobs followed. Mr. Arrowsmith looking considerably puzzled, as well he might, at so curious a provocative of tears, Bella explained, in continuation, that it was the early prospect of being torn from these endearments which was so dreadful to contemplate; that she now began to wish she had never tasted pleasures which she should soon have to relinquish without probable hope of their renewal; that she was conscious this confession might lay her open to the charge of ingratitude; but she trusted her then hearer, at all events, would understand the feelings which actuated her; that she, herself, should, above all things, miss the pleasant evenings she had been lately in the habit of spending; though she felt it highly improbable that Mr. Arrowsmith would, in his turn, feel any loss at her departure. All this, and more, did Miss Harper deliver at greater length than would be feasible here to repeat, to the great bewilderment and partial dismay of her hearer. The contemplation of that gentleman's face, in which these emotions were plainly visible, while he assured her that he should miss her very much—of which fact he had become vividly conscious while she was talking—gave great content to the young lady; which was increased as he went on to protest earnestly that there could be no possible need of her being in such a hurry to run away; that she mustn't think of going yet, and so on.

But on this point she was firm. "It was only like Mr. Arrowsmith's kindness to wish her to stay; but on that kindness she couldn't think of trespassing; she had staid too long as it was, it would only be more difficult to leave at last. No! she must go, and Fanny must take her own place again."

"Fanny!" broke out Uncle Matthew, rather bitterly; "that's only poor comfort, my dear; you know how much time she has to give me now; you'll only make me miss you more by talking of Fanny, which surely couldn't be what Miss Harper wanted to do."

"Oh!" said she, "I'm sure that must be because she knows I've been trying to supply her place for a time. Mr. Bingham isn't always here, and—"

"No, only about ninety-nine nights out of a hundred," grunted Uncle Matthew.

"Well, you can surely have them both," suggested Bella.

"Yes, to get into a corner and begin to whisper in ten minutes, so that I feel as I can fancy a man does listening at a keyhole. No, no, my dear, I don't count much on that; I must give in and bear it. I suppose it's natural that old fellows should make way for young ones. I dare say she finds me stupid, and—"

"Oh no, I'm sure she can't do so," burst out Bella, with a gush. But having thus discharged her full heart she suddenly became conscious and hid her face in her pocket handkerchief. Inasmuch, however, as that screen only covered one eye she was able to perceive that the effect of this speech was to make Mr. Arrowsmith look keenly at her, then into the fire, then cough, look into the fire again, grow rather red in the face, and finally scratch his head. On this Bella judged it expedient to sigh, and to say—"No! you mustn't take fancies of that kind. I'm quite sure dear Fanny hasn't lost any of her affection for you; but, but—"

"But she's got a great deal more for somebody else, eh?"

No reply for a time, then softly, "Poor Fanny! you must not blame her; she has never known what it is to be without a kind friend, and doesn't think so much of—of losing one, as those who are not so accustomed to—to—" And here the young lady broke down again, and a pair of dark eyes shone upon the sympathetically agitated Uncle Matthew through a watery vail.

"No, no; don't now, my dear; you really mustn't," faltered the poor gentleman; "don't distress yourself; there, there," patting, as he spoke, Bella's hand, which he had seized in his flurry. Bella made a little movement to withdraw it, but finding it would not be forcibly detained, wisely left it where it was, and sobbed violently. This little pantomime lasted for some time, until she felt her companion's grasp sensibly tighten, when she rose, and declared she must go and write home to give notice of her approaching arrival.

But Mr. Arrowsmith didn't release her hand as before; no, he began, "Stay, my dear, I—" then stopped, looked furtively into her face, half relaxed his grasp, tightened it again, coughed, and gave evident symptoms of confusion and indecision. Perhaps Bella could have helped him if she would; at all events she didn't, save negatively: that is, she stood quite still and said nothing.

A long pause; at last Mr. Arrowsmith desperately faltered out, "I don't know, my dear, what you'll say to ——; I fear you'll be ——; you see I'm so much older than you; why must you ——; in short, why need you go away at all?"

Voice from behind handkerchief: "Oh! Mr. Arrowsmith!"

"My dear, I don't know if you could be happy with so old a man, but I can see very plainly that Fanny is as good as lost to me; and, in short, if you can make up your mind to marry me, my dear, I'll always do my best to make you comfortable." Miss Harper turned upon Mr. Arrowsmith a glance of gratitude and tenderness, and softly murmured, "Oh, Sir! but what will Fanny say?"

At this Uncle Matthew's expression immediately changed to one of great trepidation, and he ejaculated, in a manner hardly complimentary to his fair companion, "Ay, by George, there's Fanny, sure enough; what *shall* I say to her?"

"Oh!" returned the lady, "I dare say you would rather I should tell her."

"Well, my dear," replied the craven Uncle Matthew, "if you would be so kind."

"Very good," said Mrs. Matthew Arrowsmith elect, as cool as a cucumber, "I'll mention it to Fanny."

This last-named young lady, "on with the new love" in the drawing-room, was all unconscious that "the old love" was so rapidly slipping through her fingers in the dining-room; and when, after Charley's departure, Bella concisely informed her of what had taken place, all that poor Fanny could at first say was, "Oh! Bella, you're joking." But on being informed that no joke was intended, she vehemently protested that Miss Harper ought to be ashamed of herself.

"I don't see, dear," returned Bella, demurely, "why I should be ashamed of having secured the regard of so estimable a gentleman as Mr. Arrowsmith, or of taking a step so likely to conduce to our mutual happiness."

"Mutual fiddle-stick," retorted Fanny, hotly; "for goodness' sake don't talk in that wicked way of marrying a man old enough to be your grandfather."

"I owe you too much happiness to be angry with you," went on Bella, with dignity; "for if it hadn't been for your forgetfulness of every body but Mr. Bingham, all this would probably never have happened. Your neglect of me I don't complain of, but that of your Uncle, I must say, with every friendly feeling for you, was inexcusable; and you can't wonder at his endeavoring to supply elsewhere the apparent loss of your affection. However, I shall always feel kindly toward you, whatever your conduct to me may be, and I'm sure Ma— Ma—"

"Bella," shrieked Fanny, "if you call him Matthew I'll smack you."

Bella laughed, as being the winner she could afford to do; but she turned rather red notwithstanding, and would, perhaps, have replied sharply, but that at this juncture the cause of the debate appeared on the scene, looking exquisitely sheepish and uncomfortable.

The conversation was continued to a great length; and, before its close, grew so acrid in tone that both ladies became melted to tears, and Uncle Matthew was reduced to the extremity of despair. However, talking won't alter facts. When Fanny told Charley what had occurred, whatever reasonable disappointment he may have felt at the change in his lady-love's prospects, he didn't show it, but told Fanny he loved her all the better, now that there was only herself to love. And when, in continuation, he proceeded to show that the occurrence was a reason why Fanny and he should get married with as little delay as possible; though she, of course, protested that she couldn't see that, yet it is certain that she displayed much less heat subsequently in discussing the step her Uncle had taken. In due time both marriages took place. Whether Fanny will ever be really reconciled to her Uncle's wife remains to be seen; that lady, at all events, in default of children of her own, is excessively kind to the little Binghams, who, on their part, cherish none but the warmest feelings toward their "Aunty Bella;" so that there is no telling what may happen in the future through the medium of these young people.

## THE SLOOP "SPRAY."

We engrave herewith the sloop *Spray*, which seems to have been the scene of a conflict as horrible as the *E. A. Johnson*. Her story we abridge from the daily papers as follows:

The Captain of the sloop *Lucinda*, of Rockaway, says that when off Barnegat, on the 21st inst., his vessel collided with the sloop *Spray*, and that the two sloops were fast to each other for about fifteen minutes, during which time he saw no person on board the *Spray* except the Chinaman, who refused to seek safety on the *Lucinda*.

The Captain also states that the deck of the *Spray* was strewn with bedding and various other articles, indicating that the cabin had been overhauled and the contents scattered over the deck. He is quite positive that there was no person on board the *Spray* at the time of the accident except the Chinaman, and attributes the collision entirely to his ignorance or malice, as it might have been avoided had the *Spray* been properly managed.

The Chinaman, who goes by the name of John Low, or Jackalow, as he is more frequently called, is well known in New York, and has sailed with Captain Leete for the past four years. Something more than a year ago he stole considerable money from Captain Leete and ran away to New Haven, where he was captured by the police and brought back to New York. Such was Captain Leete's attachment to Jackalow that he refused to press the prosecution, and on his discharge immediately restored him to his position as cook on board the *Spray*. He is reported to be a very revengeful fellow, and when excited stops at nothing, however desperate, in order to gratify his revenge. He says that he came to this country seven years ago in the United States steamer *Mississippi*, and that he is now twenty-six years old. When picked up by the vessel, and during his continuance on board, he persistently refused to converse with any one, pretending that he did not understand the English language, although, when the questions were not too direct, he evidently understood well enough, and was able to laugh and joke with the crew about the women; but when any thing was said about the *Spray* he was not so lively or communicative. When asked why he did not take the Captain's money with him, he said that he could not get it. His stories concerning the manner of the Captain's death are very conflicting. He first said that the Captain was thrown overboard by being struck by the main sheet; then he said that at the time of the collision the Captain was standing on the bowsprit and was knocked off by the concussion, and finally that he was sick in the cabin and unable to get on deck.

When picked up he had on a coat belonging to Captain Leete, in the pockets of which was found a memorandum book, upon the fly-leaf of which was written in pencil, "J. F. Leete, Guilford, Ct." The book contained various memorandums concerning the sale or purchase of hay, onions, and potatoes. In one of the pockets of the coat was found a letter written to Captain Leete by Calvin M. Leete, dated Guilford, Dec. 12, 1859, and relating to the disposition of a cargo of onions. Besides these he had with him in the boat a hatchet, a compass, and a quantity of provisions, showing that he, at least, had abundant time to leave the sloop before she sunk.

Jackalow manifested considerable uneasiness while on board the *French*; when Captain Webb left his vessel in the harbor to go on shore, he jumped into the boat and insisted upon accompanying him, which he did. As soon as a landing had been effected he sprang ashore and disappeared in the crowd, since which time he has not been seen. He had little or no money with him, and beyond the articles already mentioned it is not known that he took any thing from the vessel. The police are in hot pursuit of Jackalow.

## PRACTICING.

"Practicing, practicing." Well, if you're doing it,
Why do you snub me with answer so tart?
Since to a friend superficially viewing it
Practice appears, Jane, a wonderful art.

"Nonsense!" Most likely, you petulant cousin,
Yet you've a mystery under your eyes;
Gloves on it, Jenny-bird? Bet you a dozen.
Five and three-quarters, I know, is the size.

"Tease." No I'm not, Jane. I'm humbly requesting
Small explanations I think you might deign:
Surely, the one-sided bet I'm suggesting
Means that I'll pay for my lesson, Miss Jane.

"Well, what's the wonder? The music before us
Is plain enough, certainly. Out of *Lurline*.
The exquisite air that leads up to the chorus
Where Rudolph— Grimaces, Sir! What do they mean?"

Don't say grimaces, but hasten to solace
Fear I begin to have, Jane, for my sight:
I really can't see, in the scoring of Wallace,
Half that you'll do when you sing this to-night.

Where does he tell you, the moment you're seated,
*Give a half-smiling, half-terrified glance:*
Where is it written, Jane—Here be repeated
*I'm sure they'd be much more delighted to dance?*

Where does he say that though knowing how well you'd
Accomplish the song, you must daintily moan
*I have really no voice*; and then, skimming the prelude,
Fling out a rich note that Alboni might own?

Where is the least kind of mark or direction
*Give, yet don't give, a sweet look*—you know where:
Is it done at "devoted," or done at "affection,"
Or here, where Lurline's in a trance of despair?

When that same Party, restoring your flowers,
Mumbles and mutters the compliment due,
Jane, I don't read in this music of ours,
*I always sing well when I'm singing to you.*

Practicing, practicing! Tears—overquick, child,
Sure one may tease when one—cousinly—loves!
I think Charley Churchill no end of a brick, child,
And—kiss me for bringing them—here are the gloves.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

# The New Partner

IN

# "CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

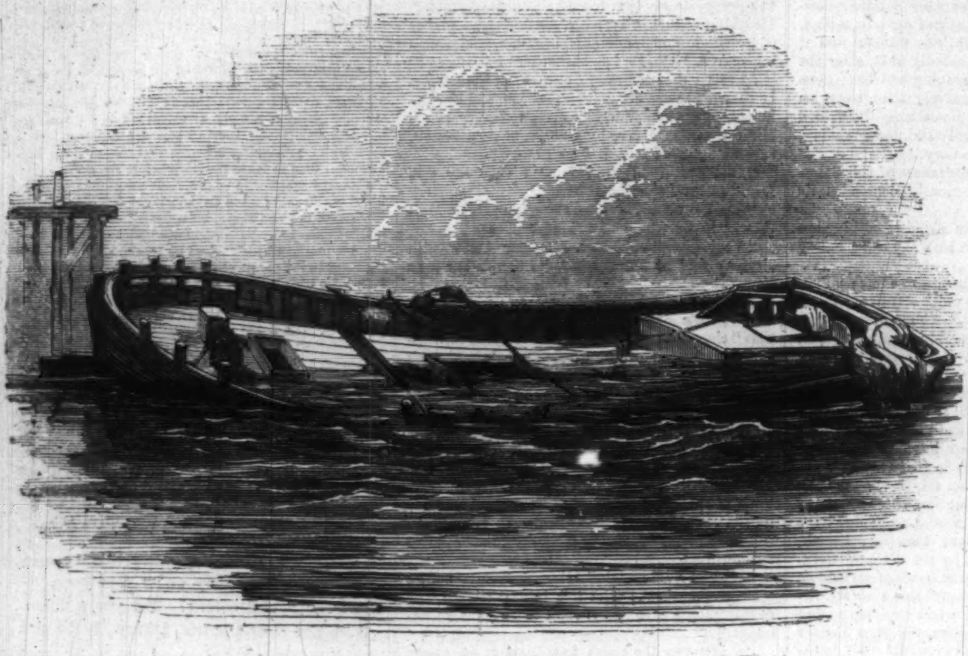
BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

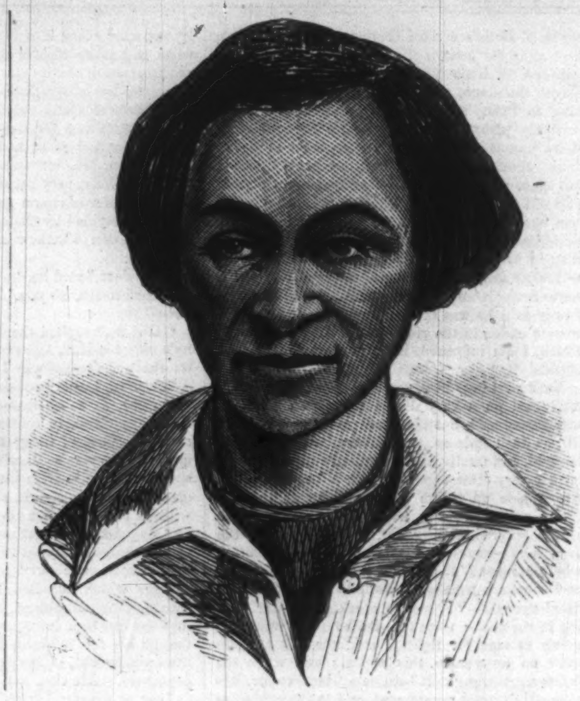
## CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

### THE HISTORY OF A LAST CHANCE.

"Let me tell you," said Mr. Green to Nora, still holding her father's promissory notes in his hand, "as delicately as possible. I am at a loss how to approach the subject as I would; but I will hint it to you. You have perhaps been told what your father and I were talking of yesterday; that some serious money troubles are about to take place—some disclosures relating to the involved circumstances of the Bank? Ah, you have! I thought likely.



THE SLOOP "SPRAY."—[See preceding Page.]



THE CHINAMAN JACKALOW.

Now supposing such a set of circumstances as this: An aged and most reputable gentleman, in a moment of temptation, signs somebody else's name instead of his own to a check for $3000. The head officer of the Bank is his friend—discovers the old gentleman's moral mistake before any body else—makes up to the person who suffered by it the exact amount of the check, borrowing from the Bank for that purpose, rather than let his friend become a ruined man. Suppose, too, that when this friend, who has been at fault, discovers the head officer's kindness he gives him certain notes to secure him against loss, though the head officer knows all the time that they are worthless, the old gentleman being not worth a farthing. Suppose further, if I don't tire you—?"

"*Go on.*"

"Suppose that through such kindnesses as this—together with similar ones to a certain book-keeper in the Bank, who has also committed errors to a large amount—the head officer has come to a place where he must either have all these operations discovered by his superiors, his aged friend and the book-keeper plunged in irremediable ruin, or must sacrifice most of his own private fortune to balance accounts and prevent disclosures; where almost beggary stares him in the face on one hand, and, on the other, the certain doom of one man with white hairs who is his friend, and another in the morning of life whom he feels a deep interest in, to the State Prison—what shall he do?"

"Oh, my God! my God! What does all this mean?"

And saying this Nora sank upon her knees on the willow roots, covering her face with both hands. Luke Green continued:

"The State Prison is a terrible thing. Perhaps, in the case we have just been supposing, these people whom the head officer wished to save would be sent there for life. And *that* would be a *particularly* terrible thing—a terrible thing that means a multitude of smaller terrible things; silent work at weaving dead flowers in wool, that mock the live flowers of the fresh fields, in a room that smells carpety, that looks carpety—where the air you breathe is carpety in small, floating, fibrous, strangling particles—where the whole life is one great maddening carpet, ever being woven, never done, only cut down from the loom when the short-haired, striped-legged Number 50, or 106, or whatever number he may be, goes out in a cart to the convict's grave; or putting small squares of iron under a slow, steady, cruel steam-punch, that comes down with a crunch, just as if it were smashing the number's brains, and taking pleasure in it, instead of only making bolt-washers in the hame-shop; or being a foundery number, and playing at a little hell with melted iron, among other devils that are damned to that place for wife-slaying, for baby-strangling, for all sorts of things not to be told of in dark nights without a light in the room. So much for the work. Now for bed: a tomb just long enough to stretch one's self, under masonry a hundred feet thick, where you lie and seem to feel it all growing shut and fastening your grave, till you shriek yourself to death, foodless, waterless. For recreation: a sermon from a man, who, when he gets through, will go out of hell, and talk to husbands who can travel with their wives—go forth into the woods and fields with their children—while you, brotherless, sisterless, wifeless, childless, are locked into your grave from eleven o'clock of the sunshiny Sunday morning, through all that weary day, until dawn of Monday, to grin through a grate at a stone wall, to think your pleasant thoughts, or to sleep—sleep and *dream!*"

Nora still sat, with her head bowed, and answered not a word. Luke Green took courage, and proceeded:

"All this would be very disagreeable to the friends of the head officer. Disagreeable to *him*—eminently so. Now the sacrifice of nearly all his fortune would prevent it. He would willingly make that sacrifice on one condition. He would save the venerable man; he would also save the young one—though, of course, *that* can be no inducement for Miss Manton—if she will become—his wife!"

Still Nora answered nothing. The superintendent was emboldened.

"Yes, that is right; take it into consideration. I am willing to consider all the past as merely a young girl's coquetry—the caprice of a woman too recently grown to know her mind. I loved you in spite of all. I will make

NAVAL ACTION BETWEEN THE U. S. SLOOP "SARATOGA" AND TWO MEXICAN STEAMERS.—[See Page 199.]

you a tender and loving husband for all time to come. Miss Manton, now is your opportunity! Save your father; save—save me from despair! *Say yes!* For your sake, for his, for God's sake, say yes!"

And Luke Green knelt down on the sod, in front of the drooping girl, his ice all utterly melted away in the fire of his real desperation, and tried to pull away her hands from her face, that he might see what was its expression—what mute answer it gave him. Meanwhile the note of John Manton, and its nine lying copies, were almost crushed in his fist with the violence of his mental and physical tension. For it was Luke Green's last chance.

Nora could not resist his grasp. Her hands were drawn from before her face, and Luke Green saw in those eyes of silent, uplooking agony no sign of desperate submission to his will, but only a tortured woman-soul's unutterable prayer that God would give her faith and strength to say "No!" though all hell should keep pealing "Say yes!" forever.

Above the clump of willows came a short, shrill whistle, which was answered by another from below. Luke Green started from his knees, glaring upon the young girl like a tiger-cat driven from his prey; and she, overwhelmed with the horrors she had been listening to, hardly knew whether to hope or fear. Those whom she heard might be his emissaries. Nothing was too bad to expect now; and if they who whistled were friendly to her, or indifferent, and she might avail herself of their coming to fly from Luke Green—still, to fly whither? To her father? Luke Green held in his hand what she believed were witnesses, false or true, capable of sending him to a felon's cell for life. To Ernest? Gone! gone! and whither? To God? Yes, to Him alone!

Quick as lightning these thoughts flashed through her mind; while Luke Green stood erect, his face full of a direful defeat and vengeance mingled, looking hither and thither to see what the sounds meant. But before either she or he could decide what course to take, two new elements entered into their consideration. As Nora looked up she saw, to her astonishment, the wayfarers who had been lounging by the stile when she sought to pass over. The slight man in the camlet cloak came up the brook, the very large comrade came down; and they met and stopped close by Mr. Green.

"*You* may begin, Turkle," said the slight man.

"This is Mr. Luke Green, I believe?" said the large comrade.

"You needn't believe, Turkle; it *is* Green. Go ahead."

"You have lost a wallet, I hear. What next, companion?"

"Which contained valuable papers," said the slight one, supplementarily.

"Oh yes! Which contained valuable papers," repeated the large one.

"Which *did* contain valuable papers," assented Luke Green. "But let me suggest, gentlemen, that this conversation be in a more appropriate place. Come to my office, for instance, and I assure you I shall feel the liveliest satisfaction in making the subject you mention agreeable to you, if you can throw any light on it. It is hardly respectful to talk of business before ladies."

And Luke Green bowed toward Nora, with a most bewitching smile.

"Turkle!" said the slight man.

"Yes, Sir!" responded the large one, promptly.

"Are you afraid of ladies?"

"No, I ain't. They won't hurt nobody."

"We are both, then, as I learn by consultation with my friend, perfectly comfortable where we are," continued the slight man, coolly; and then added, turning to Nora, who was rising to depart—the brim of her flat drawn down by its ribbons, so as to hide her grief-bewildered eyes—"And I pray you won't leave us, madam. We have no privacy—none at all, 'pon honor—and you are a comfort to us rather than a disturbance. Permit me to present you with one of our cards. If you ever want any thing in our line, it won't come amiss."

And the slight man winked in a most improper but good-humored way at the young lady, with the one eye which was visible over the collar of his camlet cloak.

Nora took the card mechanically, and was about to put it in her pocket without reading it, when a something in the handwriting, as she just glanced at it, seemed familiar to her. She scrutinized it, all trembling, for a moment, and then read it through with a fixed, dreamy glance, moving her head from side to side as if to catch its whole meaning rapidly as possible. It said:

"I hope I do not flatter myself in believing that Miss Manton will be glad to know that nothing ill has befallen me, and that I pray for the time when I may meet her once more.

"ERNEST."

The overburdened spirit of Nora Manton could not forbid itself one little cry of joy! She stepped forward in the innocent frankness of her great relief, and peered at the camlet cloak, as if perchance that might be somehow a disguise wherein Ernest had hidden. But the camlet, as if divining her thought, shook its head, put its finger mysteriously on its lips, signed Nora to put the card in her pocket, and turned around to Mr. Green.

"Be as polite to me," said that gentleman, pleasantly; "you have given me no card."

"All in time," replied the slight man. "I carry the cards for the ladies; Turkle attends to the gentlemen. Turkle, haven't you got a card for the gentleman? Hunt it up, Turkle, and hand it to him. Meanwhile, may I ask whether your wallet contained one note for one hundred and ten dollars, to you as obligee, from one Filkins as obligor? Ah! I see that the mention of that fact makes you less anxious to tear yourself away."

"Have you seen that note? It is not of much consequence, to be sure; but if it is in your possession I will give you ten dollars for it. I should hate to have it fall into hands which might use it to trouble the poor young man." And Mr. Green looked at the stranger with a benevolent sweetness, as if expecting to charm it out of him.

"I am happy to be able, most excellent man, to state that this note is now in the possession of a person who would shed tears of sincere melancholy should that dear, poor young fellow ever be troubled by it, and who now exhibits it to yourself as a memorial of departed days!" With these words the imperturbable man in camlet removed his chip hat, letting a great profusion of straggling yellow locks fall over his cloak-collar; and from the crown of the chip aforesaid took out a slip of paper secured there by a pin. He held it up to the eyes of the superintendent, who made a quick little cat-like snap at it, but was avoided adroitly by the slight one. After which the latter continued:

"Under the circumstances, it strikes me that, by way of relieving our minds of any further anxiety, it will be best to dispose of this distressing subject as follows:" Thus saying, he folded the note neatly lengthwise through the middle, tore it across into a dozen little strips, and let them drift off on the wind.

Nora looked on with astonishment; and Luke Green, bringing his lower jaw up with a cruel crunch against the upper, exclaimed, "Very well, Sir! that is felony! I hope your comrade observed this! You will not escape!"

"He hopes you observed, Turkle," said the man in camlet. "It is always proper to observe—did you?"

"I did observe," answered Turkle.

"Oblige me with your card then, Sir, that, if I should wish you as witness, I may find you," said Mr. Green, threateningly.

"Haven't you found the card yet, Turkle?" asked the man in camlet.

"Here it is at last!" spoke up Turkle, cheerfully.

"One moment, Turkle!" said the slight man, authoritatively; "before you give him your card I wish to make a little speech. I feel as if it would relieve me. First, I premise by asking what was that note given to you for, Mr. Luke Green?"

With a sneer of contempt at the speaker, the superintendent turned to the large man.

"Is your card ready? I'll take it, if you please, Mr. Turtle."

"Turkle—not Turtle. Manners before convenience. Listen to the gentleman. He's going to speak."

Man in camlet continues:

"*I* will tell you what that note was given for. Filkins was a respectable young fellow. I knew him well. He had as good a mother and as fine girls for sisters as ever lived. He got acquainted with one Luke Green, and learned of that old reprobate to gamble: the note was to pay a bluff debt. Filkins grew worse and worse; he tried to drown his better heart out with liquor, but the more he tried to drown it the more it swam. There came along a man named Beckford—Ernest Beckford—and he saw what a plight that better heart was in; how Filkins was trying to drown it with brandy; and whenever it crawled a little way up the shore and tried to breathe, this devil, the Green devil—though Black would be a better name for him—kept pushing it back into its hell with a pack of *stacked* cards!"

"You lie! Who are you?" And Luke Green laid his hand on the speaker's shoulder as if he would pull him out of the garments he very evidently wore as a disguise. The slight one jerked himself away, and continued:

"*Stacked*—I repeat it—*stacked* cards. But Filkins didn't know it *then*, or he wouldn't have been the fool of a swindling hypocrite so long. Ernest Beckford saw all this, or knew it by magic, and he saved Filkins! He drew the better heart out on to dry land, and it's been beating stronger and stronger ever since, every beat saying God bless *him!* And this day, it is one of Filkins's proudest thoughts that he owes to that real man his escape out of the clutches of *that* real devil! Turkle, you may give the gentleman your card."

The large man made one step forward and presented the document which he denominated his card to Mr. Green, with the graceful ponderosity of a fat embassador tendering his credentials. It was a sadly greasy paper; but that was hardly enough reason for the emotion which it produced on the superintendent. His face grew deadly pale, the cold sweat stood on his temples, his cruel under-jaw came shut like an animate vice: this was for an instant, and then all the former dead-sea quiet returned to his countenance.

"It is what I have been expecting for some time," said he. "A man who is kind to his *friends*"—here he glanced at Nora, who still stood at the willow-clump, not knowing whether she waked or dreamed—"will certainly be well rewarded. Ha, ha! a warrant for my arrest, my dear!" saying which he displayed the paper toward Nora, then continued in a stage aside, "Tell your father to save himself; let him fly! fly!" After which he drew the ten notes of Mr. John Manton from the pocket where he had thrust them on the arrival of the two men, and before they could stop him, tore them into as many pieces as the note of Mr. Filkins, and sent them to follow that widely disseminated document. "Thank God! thank God!" ejaculated Nora, inwardly. It was one of those cases where selfish craft had become the unwilling servant of a tender and loving humanity.

"That was well done, very well done," said Turkle. "I don't know as I ever had that game come on me before, when I nabbed a feller. But hadn't we better put on the bracelets, for a man who destroys his dokkiments before search may destroy hisself before commitment?"

"I guess he'll come along without any thing, Turkle. I hate to look as if I was triumphing over even the devil when he's down. You give him your arm, Turkle, and I'll go ahead; he'll follow me when he knows me."

And the slight man, so saying, turned down the collar of his old camlet, lifted off his chip-hat and his straggling yellow hair together, and displayed to the superintendent of Cheswick Branch the honest bullet head of his former endeared associate, little Filkins, second book-keeper!

Had the superintendent been arrested immediately several evidences of his guilt would have been saved in the now destroyed note of John Manton and its forged copies. That was of little consequence, however, as the destruction had given an immeasurable relief to Nora. But the superintendent would have been saved the commission of another—a crowning fault, had he been manacled immediately, as he would have been, by a person with less poetic taste and talent for distribution of circumstances than little Filkins. For in the talk which ensued after Turkle had handed him the warrant for his inspection, he had an opportunity to draw unobserved a small capsule from his vest pocket, to pass his hand to his face without exciting particular notice, and to return it with the capsule gone.

As Filkins, the superintendent, and Turkle crossed the field toward the stile, arm in arm and in the relative positions in which I have just written their names, what a strange spectacle would the three have presented to a soul-student with all-seeing eyes! They all went quietly, silently. Turkle, because he was a man of deeds and required some mechanical irritant from without to incite him to articulate utterance; Filkins, because he was thinking hard of many things past, present, and future; Luke Green (so they thought), because he was sullen and had determined to keep the cool front toward just adversity that he had worn to ill-used prosperity. But the two on the outside were so ignorant of him in the middle, so close beside him in these fleshly bodies, yet so utterly unpartaking of his soul! They knew so little what a mystery they were leading unresistingly away with them—what a solemn meaning there was to him in those few minutes between the brook and Cheswick village. The grass was that intense, glad green, as the grass is in bright dreams, seeming to be seen through windows of transparent gold, made so by the flood of glory which came like a loosed sea slanting across all things from the west where the sun was within an hour of going down. In the same golden sun-gladness the tree trunks and branches became a royal arabesque cut in pure flame, the wind smelled sweet of hay and gardens, and loitered as if its labor in the spring had entitled it to a summer holiday to make people happy in with coolness and odors. The deep of the sky, the broad champaign of earth below, and the air that was in the midst, were all blessed with a benediction of quiet. Ah! how would those two men upon the outside have looked upon that sight had it been their last time, and they had known it! It *was* the last time for him who walked between. And how had they shuddered had they been aware of *this*—two strong, life-enjoying men leading one who to all outer eyes was even as they, yet who trod in reality right over the thinning, weakening crust of death, while they walked on the solid earth! How strangely does this world seem to those few eyes who ever look on her in their yet undimmed clearness, still knowing that in a few minutes more she will be out of sight to return no more forever! There is sublimity unutterable in the man who has five grains of strychnine in him, though a sublimity which is not preferable to commonplace life.

The three had not quite reached Cheswick Main Street, and were still in the fields seeking the best path by which to enter the village unobserved, when the superintendent, who had hitherto walked quietly, his firm face bent toward the ground, gave a quick jerk which released one of his elbows from little Filkins, and at the same time arched his body backward with such force as to stagger even the large man.

"Not *this* time, my fine feller!" exclaimed that efficient officer resolutely, as he pinioned Luke Green's wrists behind his back. "Not just yet; we're up to that dodge, you know. Get the bracelets out of my right pocket while I hold him, will ye, Mr. Filkins?"

The young man peered curiously into Luke Green's face, and then, growing ashen pale, his own seemed to mirror its expression.

"Good God, Turkle! what's the matter with the man?"

"He's up to the escape dodge," said Turkle, indignantly. And so he was, though not after the manner that Turkle had supposed. There was a fleck of white foam on his under lip; the muscles of his mouth and cheeks were strained into wiry ridges; his cold steel-gray eyes opened and shut mechanically, like a lay figure's, but were glassy with an agony which this mechanical action prevented them from expressing otherwise. He *was* escaping; nor could all earthly Turkles hold him. They laid him down on the velvety green grass; he tore it up in handfuls and crushed its juices out in his grasp; and then arching himself with one fierce convulsion, he lay supported by his head and feet, the semblance of a bridge. For a moment his chin relaxed, and as the two living men knelt down over him they heard, or thought they heard, him say, "Water!" So Turkle sat down and took the dying man's head upon his lap, while little Filkins ran to bring water from the nearest house. When he returned the lips that had thirsted for it were shut in the eternal silence.

"Can we carry him without help, Turkle?"

"Yes."

And this was the only word they spoke on the way into Cheswick. They brought their prisoner to his own house, and covering reverently with a napkin that terrible mystery of death which transfuses even a wicked face with at least the sacredness of fear. As they thus hid his face, little Filkins, in his soul, laid just such a covering, save that it was eternal, over the false things, the cruel, and the badly fascinating, which its eyes had ever looked or its lips ever said to *him*, whispering solemnly, as he left the room on tiptoe,

"Thank God that I was saved from him, so that I can forgive him!"

DEATH OF LUKE GREEN.

## THE SUNSET GLEAM.

Two strangers were introduced by the crack of a rifle.

Briggs, a lawyer, rusticating in the country, was in the forest hunting partridges, one afternoon, with decidedly ill success. Finally the sun, red in the face with overmuch shining, concluded to set, and leave Briggs to take care of himself. Just then a squirrel ran nimbly up a very tall tree, and looking saucily down, challenged our hunter in the most approved squirrel dialect:

"Fire away, Mr. Briggs—I'll risk you—you're a lawyer, and no sportsman—do your prettiest, young man!"

Briggs couldn't stand that.

Raising his rifle, he touched the spring, and while the sharp crackle was dancing through the forest, down came the poor thing.

Emma was out on her palfrey taking an evening ride. That she was quite alone is no marvel, for these were peaceful rural districts, and the girl was spirited. The crackle of the rifle, multiplied by the echoes, together with a sudden sight of a hunter's shirt, quite overset the equanimity of "Jenny," her steed. Jenny danced, reared, plunged, and curveted. With a steady eye and lip compressed the lady held her rein in a firm hand; but the animal was thoroughly frightened, and Emma was thrown.

The girl opened her eyes upon a hunter's shirt, with a man in it, a gray cap with an irregular face under it, and a Minié rifle. The man opened *his* eyes upon a disheveled brunette, with a bleeding temple.

If Briggs's face was not handsome his heart was, as was shown by the courtesy, gentleness, and discretion with which he cared for the young girl. And if Emma was not so comely as the average of heroines, she was quite as brave and grateful as the best.

In the door-way of her home—the farm-house over the hill—sat a white-haired old man, talking by signs with a deaf-mute by his side. It was the father of Emma, to whom Mr. Briggs resigned his charge with becoming manliness and modesty. A noble old man. Little less than seventy years of age, and evidently shaken by the earthquakes of life, there were yet the unmistakable marks of warmth, breadth of heart, and native greatness, which characterize Nature's chosen nobleman.

This was the introduction. Not particularly romantic, nor yet impressive in its effect upon either of the persons.

"A very good girl, I should think," mused Briggs, on his way to the village hotel; "rather interesting."

"Rough features," thought Emma, as she lay resting on the lounge; "but all the better for that, I dare say. A fig for handsome men!"

A week or two wrought a change in the state of affairs. Briggs found himself deeply interested in this problem: Given, a young lady of a very quiet, unreadable exterior, to find her nature. Emma found herself wondering why the young man talked so much with her father, and so little with herself. "How his features kindle!" thought the girl. "I believe he *is* handsome, after all!" and the point of her cambric needle pierced the tip of her plump little finger. "Miss Roberts is positively pretty," thought Briggs, in the midst of a learned remark, addressed to the old gentleman, on the economic uses of corn-stalks.

A week or two more, and Briggs had found rich veins of ore under the rather impenetrable surface of his little friend; while Emma had learned to flush at the sound of a single familiar footfall.

A little while after Emma sought her nest one night, with a fluttering bird where her heart used to be; while in his walk to his rooms Alfred Briggs saw a richer beauty in moonlight and star-twinkle than had ever crept into his soul before.

The aged father had been a man of enterprise. Many of his earlier years had been spent in commercial turmoil. His later resort to rural life was taken as a rest in declining strength, involving neither harassing care nor burdensome idleness. One great burden had followed him, however, to his country home—a weight of apprehension hanging heavily over his accumulated years. By one of those frequent accidents of property transfer, the title to a large proportion of his estate had become the subject of litigation, and there was real danger that the honest gatherings of industrious years would be wrenched from him by the technicalities of legal procedure.

The blow fell at this point of our story, breaking in upon the otherwise pleasant flow of events. The old man withstood the rush of ill-fortune with the iron tenacity of age, but came out of the overwhelming dismantled, as a ship comes up from the ingulfing of a mountain wave. It was not that the venerable man was sordid, that this grasping of his gains was so keenly distressing—it was not for the loss of the property, as property; but life-long commercial effort gives a tie between a man and his estates analogous to the patriarchal, and even the paternal. Not poets alone, but men of business as well, personify inanimate things.

Under the pressure of the wrong, the old man, finding the injustice perpetrated through keen technical pleading at the bar, became strongly impressed against the legal profession, and this impression soon ripened into ungovernable prejudice. Indeed upon this point there appeared to be an approach to derangement; and yet, coupled with such grandeur of sense in all other respects, it was hard to count it absolutely so.

Its earliest manifestation brought tears to the eyes of one of the best and most trusting of maidens, whose weeping had been lately tears of joy rising copious from deep springs of feeling in her richly lovable nature. Alfred became the object of the old man's most earnest dislike, and even of his evident hate. Under the spell of this prejudice the father annulled the betrothal.

Entreaties, reasonings, tears, were alike unavailing. Months, full of stolen interviews and painful uncertainties, produced no change.

Love is reckless of expedient, and Alfred, renouncing the law at a dash, entered upon the career of a journalist. But the unreasoning prejudice had fastened upon the person. There was no hope. To cap the climax of misery the old man, reverting to the forms of his early religious teachings, pronounced his paternal curse upon his child if ever she gave her hand to Alfred Briggs.

The die was now cast. The most dutiful of daughters could never lose the spell of that anathema, however unreasoning, and Alfred could never ask the violation of that command. The anathema would follow them to the end of life. Emma told the distressing story; one glance into the other's eyes, and each was understood from the instant.

A few months thereafter the old man was stricken with sudden disease. For days death and consciousness hung in a tremulous balance. A long stupor lay upon him, broken only by fitful motions now and then. But one morning, as the sun streamed in at the eastern window, the old man opened his eyes with the dear old familiar light in them. Emma burst into tears. The lips of the father moved while his fingers closed on her hand. He had lost the power of speech. In vain he struggled to articulate: not a sound escaped. This was evidently the last flash of the setting sun, and the words which were struggling for utterance were of infinite value. In vain. Suddenly a thought lit his anxious face, and resorting to the alphabet of the fingers he gave the word "Alfred." Never was courier sent in more breathless haste; and when the lover had reached the bedside the feeble fingers moved to the words "My son." Then the old man sank into dreams, from which, after a few intervening minutes, he woke to see "the Great White Throne, and Him that sitteth thereon."

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